



N. R. PRICE, Mayor.

July 7, 1927.

Major S. Whipple,
West Point,
New York.

Dear Major Whipple:

This is to thank you for your letter of May 28th and to inform you as to developments in my son's case.

On June 2, the War Department informed me my son was definitely excluded from entrance, reciting the original reasons given by the Academy Board for refusing entrance by certificate. Nothing was said as to the action of the Board or review of his case. From this I infer no recommendation was made.

This final notice reached me on the tenth anniversary of my reporting for active duty in the the War, a service that continued nearly two years, and a rather melancholy reminder of that indiscretion when at the age of 41 I first joined the war.

The thing that irritates me is that my sons' Alternate, (Matthews), was admitted by conditional certificate granted six months before his qualification at the boys prep school where he was a student; also his schoolmate, Caraway, (Son of the Arkansas Senator of that name.) I probably overlooked my hand by not filing a certificate when my son first applied for admission in 1926.

Altogether, two years of determined effort to break into the U. S. Military Academy has resulted in humiliating failure, and I have advised my son to turn his attention elsewhere and work out a career. As for myself, I have forwarded my resignation as Major, Med-C. R.C.

Very sincerely yours.

N. R. Price, Sr.

WAR DEPARTMENT
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON

IN REPLY
REFER TO

AG201 (Price, Norman Randolph) Res. 12-20-23

April 30, 1924.

SUBJECT: Appointment in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

Through: Commanding General, Fifth Corps Area.

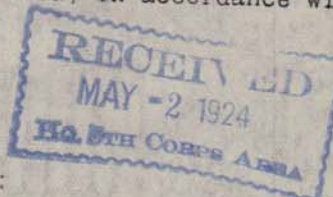
A 0-199200

To:

Major Norman Randolph Price, Med-ORG,
Marlinton, W. Va.


B None

1. By direction of the President you are appointed in the Officers' Reserve Corps, effective this date, in the grade and section shown in address above. Your serial number and length of active service in your present or any higher grade are shown above in A and B, respectively.
2. You will not perform the duties of an officer under this appointment until specifically called to active duty under competent orders.
3. There is inclosed herewith a form for oath of office, which you are requested to execute and return promptly to the agency from which it was received by you. The execution and return of the required oath of office constitute an acceptance of your appointment. No other evidence of acceptance is required. Upon receipt in the War Department of the oath of office properly executed a commission evidencing your appointment will be sent to you.
4. It is important that there be no delay on your part, otherwise it will be necessary to cancel your appointment after lapse of a reasonable time.
5. Your attention is especially called to the importance of notifying all concerned each time that you change your permanent address. For this purpose please use the forms inclosed, in accordance with instructions thereon.



By order of the Secretary of War:

4 Inclosures.

 Copy to Surgeon General.


Adjutant General.

Price Norman Randolph
 HQ. 5th Corps Area

1409 Colonial Avenue,
Norfolk, Virginia,
July 9, 1925.

N. R. Price, M.D.,
Pres. of The Greenbrier Med. Soc.,
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Sir:

Your recent article relative to the situation of medical education which appeared in "The Evening Sun" of July 1st, was read with great interest by me, as medical education is something that I am interested to the extent of aspiring to be a country doctor--a Calling that four generations of my maternal ancestors have followed in this country.

Institution
Unfortunately, however, I have learned to ~~my sorrow~~ that the door to all medical is now closed to poor boys--worse, the deans of many of the medical schools are advising the poor boys to keep out of the medical profession. This statement in the face of the much heralded claim that we the citizens of America live in a democracy is rather disconcerting.

Nevertheless, it is vry gratyfying to learn that there are a few physicians left of the "old school" who can peer ahead and discern the impending dangers now threatening Orthodox Medicine.

Previously, I had come to believe that Dr. Pusey was playing a "lone" hand in the suggestive reforms that he cited in his presidential address of last year.

Situation
What has been done about the ~~matter~~ since then? I have yet to learn a single fact in connection with this matter! Why?

You know, and I know, Dr. Price the reason of all this inertia! So why discuss the matter any further.

However, I think it fitting to state that there are plenty of qualified students who are only waiting for the chance to enter the medical schools and qualify for country practise. Just now, however, we cannot work our way through medical schools because we have no night schools and part-time attendance is not permitted under the existing laws.

No change need be written into the present preliminary requirements, provided The Council On Medical Education And Hospitals would be a little tolerant toward our finanical shortcomings. We are not seeking a doles system--nor schlorships, or loan funds.

The alleged claim that enough schlorships and loan funds exist to care for needy students can be dismissed with the statement that they only exist in the proportion of two to every thirty students. To prove this statement all you have to do is to count the number of students enrolled in the medical schools today and divide the number of loan funds and schlorships against them.

Much has been written about the inferiority of the old time medical school and yet most of the present leaders of Medicine today are products of these institutions. In addition to this, the old time medical school could make more concessions toward needy students than the present highly endowed universities.

A study of medical education in Maryland for the year 1884 reveals the fact that of the six schools existing at that time, three of them made a seventy percent reduction in tuition for poor students. This was not confined to one or two students, this was a concession made to all who could vouch for their indigency.

It is not my intention to comment on the "desiderata" of the present day medical schools, since that is a matter for the medical pedagogs to debate. It is significant to note however, the dearth of medical geniuses under this new system of teaching--a subordination not in keeping with the expectations of its sponsor--a layman.

A survey of the University of Maryland under this new era reveals no achievements which the late Eugene F. Cordell could add to his book: The History of The University of Maryland. If the University of Maryland could graduate such men as Councilman, Abbott, Hemmeter, Williams, and Carroll under the old system of teaching, why cannot the University under this new regime, increase this famous progeny.

1885, the period which produced these famous men, discloses some interesting facts in connection with the University of Maryland. In those days the faculty consisted of ten professors--twenty-four weeks a school year and three years a graded course. Today, under Flexner's dictates the University of Maryland requires 87 professors, 103 instructors and assistants--a grand total of 190 individuals to impart the knowledge that an ordinary medical student is supposed to amass.

The writer, in 1913 qualified as a medical student under the then existing medical laws as a medical student in Maryland. On the basis of a high school diploma. I completed a year, and then was forced to leave school because of financial reasons. In 1917 I attempted to return to school but was refused admittance on the grounds that I had no standing as a medical student until I satisfied the new requirements. Since that time I have repeatedly attempted to reenter the medical school with no success. My contention is that since I satisfied the requirements in 1913 I should be governed by the laws of that year. What do you think about this? Are medical laws retroactive? Can a enrolled student be legislated out of school?

The only choice I have in the matter is to either enter a Class C school in Boston or do two years premedical work. Therefore I am most anxious to see the outcome of this present discussion regarding medical education. Trusting that you will continue your articles regarding medical education I am with best wishes for your success in the matter I am, believe me,

Respectfully,

William McCaffrey Dillon
William McCaffrey Dillon.

Office of

Dr.

.....Dec. 14, 1911.

Dear Mr.:-I have written you twice recently concerning your account with me, but, strange to say, I have heard nothing from you. Suppose I should treat you in such a way when you are sick--what would you think of it? However, I will be charitable with you, and will conclude that you have been too busy--or perhaps you have been saving up the amount to bring to me in a few days. I assure you that it will be very welcome, for doctors have more expenses to meet than most other people.

After settling this account you will feel better--you will feel easier in mind, and that will make you feel better in body. You will also know that when you or any of your family get sick, you can get prompt and willing attendance. This in itself is worth much.

Confidently expecting to see or hear from you soon, I am,

Yours for a Square Deal,

N. R. PRICE, Major.

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-9.4
July 7, 1927
July 7, 1927

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-O.R.C.

To : The Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

Subject: Resignation# of commission.

1.-- I hereby tender my resignation of commission as
Major - Medical Officers Reserve Corps.

Norman R. Price .
Major, -Med., O.R.C., 325th Engineers, 100th Division

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and
MANUFACTORY
at
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Marker Design No.

Dimensions

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see (1) find stone 8' x 4' x 1' 6" and ground on lot. J.K.P. on top 1' from top Rock

Inscription on Marker

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1880 = 1928 purchase price

Remarks

Our lot in Marlinton Cemetery named after John Kinsey

To be erected in

Cemetery by

Marlinton 1928

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Monroe R. Davis, MD

[SEAL]

[SEAL]

PHYSICIAN MEDICINE.

By Norman R. Price, M. D.

In the two English-speaking nations the trend toward socialism in medical practice is very widely discussed in medical journals, as well as in newspapers and magazines. The prospect of state controlled medical affairs is not pleasing to the more individualistic members of the profession. The increasing cost of medical and hospital care to the public is a related matter of great popular interest. England already has her panel practice, and in America the ever widening activities of national and state boards and bureaus and county medical units tend strongly toward centralization in some form of state controlled medical practice.

During the past three decades, men of great wealth, and with zeal but not according to knowledge, have poured out their surplus millions to endow the higher schools of medical education, and to initiate the so-called surveys and classification (notably the Oil and Tobacco Kings, Rockefeller and Duke), and as a result there quickly followed the elimination of the slowly built up and established system of centuries. The medical schools from which we of a former generation derived such knowledge of anatomy and medicine as we possessed at the start of our public professional careers were quickly put out of business by means of the state educational laws that followed.

There is good reason to doubt that this has been a benefit to society at large, and the members of the medical profession as a body. The slowly developed principles of medical education acting under the law of supply and demand and the customs of the people for centuries, cannot be suddenly arrested by the power of huge sums of money suddenly applied without danger of disaster. A frequently referred to result, accomplished in a decade, is fewer practical general practitioners, and a multitude of specialists and surgeons. Few of our youth, except the pampered type with plenty of backing, have the spirit or hardihood to endure the years of incarceration within the halls of learning necessary to obtain the degree, and many of these emerge sapped and lifeless, devoid of initiative or vitality for the battle of building and enduring the strain of medical practice. Some one has remarked that the country doctor is dying out because he ought to die, there being no longer any need or room for that type in the scheme of modern life. Be that as it may, the fact is that the vast majority of the newer graduates are remaining in the cities and large industrial centres.

As it used to be, at least the rural physician was a rather long-lived animal. The mortuary tables of the American Medical Journal prove that a host of physicians are giving up the ghost between the ages of forty and sixty years, in what should be the prime of life, not living to an age when it could be said of the individual that he died full of years and honors. Ambassador Choate once remarked that he had set the age of seventy as the time when he expected to really begin enjoying life, and he expected to hurry up and get to seventy as soon as possible. Arterio-sclerosis, kidney and heart lesions, suicide, and automobile accidents are taking far too heavy toll of medical men who should be in the prime of life at the time of their

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leaving what to them has often been an inhospitable world, in which they seemed to fit awkwardly in the scheme of things. Replacements of newer men, practically educated, and of good habits and strong constitutions are not by any means available from the farms from which we should look for such materials, and to which environment they should return, to assist in a more equitable distribution of medical men in this country.

~~be committed to memory by every medical man, and others as a prophylaxis against premature senility, states the case:~~

Kipling in his incomparable poem "The Old Men," which should be committed to memory by every medical man, and others as a prophylaxis against premature senility, states the case:

This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the end--
That we outlive the impatient years and the much too
patient friend:
And because we know we have breath in our mouth and
think we have thoughts in our head,
We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are
really dead.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth,
to bind on our children's hands;
We shall call to the waters below the bridges to return
and replenish our lands;
We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses) and
scholarly plough the sands.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out, but we shall
subsist on the smell of it;
And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our
gums and think well of it;
Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that
is the Perfectest Well of it.

A painful result of the modern trend of State Medicine is a lack of esteem in which the medical profession as a whole, and as individuals are held by the public generally. Henry L. Mencken has recently taken to praising medical men, and commending medicine as an interesting profession. I will admit that it is an interesting occupation. This is proof positive that the average man has the opposite view. Comparing medicine to the law, Mencken says that if you employ a physician to help you, he does the best he can to help you, without interference from anybody. On the other hand, he says if you employ a lawyer to defend you in court another lawyer on the opposite side is doing his damdest to hang you.

To complicate existence and multiply jobholders is characteristic of American life. And always we have the jobholders long after the emergency for which they were created has gone and been forgotten. Recently a fantastic disease known as psitticosis has been seized on by the sensational news vendors. As a result the health department of certain cities have proposed inspection of and registration of all parrots imported into this pure country, where barnyard fowls and filthy diseases such as colon infections are of course unknown.

The great increase of quacks, negro medicine vendors (of which type Pocahontas county has a star of the first magnitude, rationalized by our best people); chiropractors, christian scientists and such like charlatans, with their notable financial success, against whose operations the most stringent medical qualification laws--particularly in our own state of West Virginia--are powerless is another case in point of the adverse workings of modern medical education and regulation. Far better would it have been to have allowed the medical schools to evolve along rational lines than to be thrown into the confusion and violent uplift of the Rockefeller Foundation (with millions to favored schools). The old Deans and Professors of the Baltimore Medical Schools, whom I consider it a privilege to have known in the early years of this century, saw the handwriting on the wall, and the end of the practical, workable middle-class medical education in this country, and the fantastic system of legislation relating to public health that would follow,

The result in public health activities is comparable to the change wrought in the economic life, and otherwise, in this country of the adoption of the 18th Amendment and its legal legitimate offspring the Volstead Act, and concurrent state legislation. This may well be a matter of interest to medical men, for as is well known and embodied in in the State Coat of Arms Mountaineers are always free to still moonshine or manufacture home brew in the homes for their own use, but spiritus frumenti is not recognized as a medicine, nor may it be prescribed legally by a physician.

Far too much of our medical regulation and legislation belongs to the class such as President Hoover designated the 18th Amendment--a "Noble Experiment." -- and which, because of their questionable value, or downright detriment to the health and well being of the whole country, should be of particular interest to medical men.

The Doctor and the Public Health Service in their
Relations to the Public.

The most successful persons I am acquainted with are those who most persistently attend to their own business. Welfare work, uplift, and new legislation ~~that end~~ seems to be a mania with many people of the present day, in the face of widespread lawlessness and moral degradation among the people. The question arises, would it not be better to lay off some of the activities of the day, and ~~leave~~^{let} the public work out its own salvation.

The daily press "discovers" a laborers' family living hard in the minesection of this state, and proclaims that famine and pestilence is raging in the mountains of West Virginia; while we, who have lived here for many years, can discover only the usual percentage of privation which has been our lot for generations, and on which we have developed endurance and retarded the extension of the abdomen. A certain amount of hard times is good for a critter anyway.

Our medical press is getting ~~all~~^{alarmed} because there are signs that the public is getting suspicious of its medical advisors, even while it requires their services more than ever, and on the slightest pretext. Having the doctor in, or trying a little of his medicine, is no longer the historic event in the average family that it once was. The doctor, too, is at fault, with his fussy diagnostic stuff, persistent treatment and added expense in trivial matters. The public employs, yet fears, the specialist and physician, and on slight pretext resorts to the absurd manipulations of the chiropractic, or other cult.

Economic pressure is partly to blame for the armed neutrality that seems to exist between the public and its physical and spiritual advisors. It is the custom to demand all the luxuries and attentions,

whether the individual is prepared to pay for them or not. They tell us there is a scarcity of physicians in the rural sections. My own observation is there are enough to do the necessary work, if only the public would discriminate between the necessary and unnecessary. at any rate the average man has little trouble in getting the medical attention he needs, or at least all that he is able to pay for.

Then comes the public health service, state health service, and welfare workers. In theory they reform and regulate the race, with annoptimism that ignores wind and weather, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. But an unhealthy season comes, or circumstances that seems to be unexplainable, like the outbreak of influenza in the perfectly sanitary army camps during the war, and the old percentage of mortality is right on the job as usual, or a little worse, apparently to make up his due.

I verily believe that if it were possible for our genial director for the suppression of venereal disease, working in conjunction with the doctors, to eradicate the last diplococcus and spirochete in the whole state of West Virginia, and they were to be declared extinct, like some of the prehistoric animals, that some germ of the same nature would evolve again under the grime and filth that exist today and have existed in all ages. Our culture and civilization is, no doubt, doomed to extinction. What good reason can be given that this nation which had its cradle in the forests of North America should not reach a stage of development, and then sink in chaos and oblivion that has been the history of all tribes and nations

The races of man have moved from one part of the world to another, and as their numbers increased they have devoured every green thing, and over-population has led to extinction; or some neighboring state has envied them their riches, and has invaded and carried them away captive.

Fussy laws, fussy welfare work, and fussy medical attention and diagnosis, will not cure shiffliness, natural born ignorance, or common laziness. Hard time, if not too hard, will act as a tonic, and some will rise equal to the emergency. Fat and flabby politicians will advocate cure-alls for public evils, all tinctured with gifts from the public treasury and plain graft, but ~~there~~ is no cure except in hard work, and each and all attempting to mind his own business. The desire for luxurious and easy living, so characteristic of the times, (and I might add, particularly so of the female of the species) which is not attained by downright hard work and achievement, can lead to but one end, and that the weakening of the physical and moral fibre of the people. Fundamental rotteness in the scheme of our civilization can not be eradicated or cured by any amount of inspection or welfare work by the government bureaus.

At present, as always, the public is accepting and struggling along with an unlimited amount of bunk, loaded on it by the legislative bodies, ranging from Volsteadism to our State Bureau for Negro Welfare, and I can only wonder when the burdened public will arise and scrap a great mass of this fantastic law stuff.

"We make the laws we flout,
We flout the laws we doubt;
Until we wake the ^{thunder} guns that have no doubt."

The experience of the Red Cross shows malingering on the part of the Public, which asks to be received into hospitals, to have their teeth fixed, for medicines, or a change of climate, and do many other things for them. Nursing the general public deprives the individual of self respect. He no longer tries to look out for himself, or meet his obligations; it paralyzes his energies and ambitions. Social insurance and accident insurance have not brought contentment to the

working classes, as promised. It has been demonstrated that the period of recovery and convalescence has been lengthened because the individual lacks the incentive to early recovery. The pension system which follows all wars, and particularly in evidence since the World War, is bad, for it helps to destroy initiative and self-reliance, which otherwise would be much in evidence among the Veterans.

Let us discard this flowery bed of ease stuff, and get back to the hardy fear of dust spirit of the pioneers. The load of Welfare work and Government Bureau activities threaten to paralyze the successful functioning of our Government, and do the public no good at that.

"Then welcome each rebuff
Which makes earth's smoothness rough;
Each sting which bids nor sit nor stand, but go;
Be our joys three parts pain; strive and endure the strain;
Dare, never grudge the throe."

N. R. PRICE

Marlinton, W. Va.
April 7. 1922

Marlinton, W. Va.
December 15, 1925

Dr. Wm. Allen Pusey,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Doctor Pusey :

Replying to your letter, I submit the following.

There are twelve practicing physicians in this (Pocahontas) county. Of these five are located in the county seat town, a village of 1500 inhabitants, and the largest in the county. In addition, four retired physicians live in the county. The same figures approximately apply to other rural counties in West Virginia, and in others there is an increasing concentration in any city or county seat town.

The average age of practicing physicians in this county is fifty-five years. Fifteen years ago eighteen physicians, for the most part young men, served this section, the population at that time one third less than at present. Three have died, 4 retired, and two removed, possibly more. Several physicians have moved in and out again.

No recent graduate has located in the county in 15 years. One graduate (1924 C School) not yet licensed, nor under our state law, likely to be. About 6 of our county young men have studied dentistry in the last decade, as being a more practical career. No lack of dentists in this county.

Pocahontas is a county of large area, as can be observed by reference to a map: approximately 80 miles by 40. and very mountainous. The adjoining counties of Greenbrier and Randolph also the largest in the State.

I enclose a third article by myself in the Baltimore Sun of recent date, dealing with the generally unsatisfactory state of affairs as applied to medical education and health legislation.

Please pardon long delay in replying to your request for such information as I have been able to give you in the foregoing. Any further statistics bearing on the general subject - will be glad to give. I was away from home at the time your letter was written, in attendance at a Reserve Officers Camp, at Camp Humphreys Virginia.

Allow me to congratulate you on your able and complete exposition of the whole subject of Medical Education in the Journal. I have specially filed the numbers containing your series of articles.

Sincerely,

N. B. Price, M. D.
(President Greenbrier Valley Medical Society)

September Volume 2
3 A.M. 1959 Page 1

Jean and family returned to Pudney, Ky. Wednesday, August 26th, where they arrived, daily, Friday, 28th. The annual 1959, visit successful, and enjoyed by all of us, whatever the pains and expense of travelling, entertainment, and gifts. Jean for scholarship at Vanderbilt University, where she has completed the first year; ~~and~~ requiring my financial help. Whatever the outcome of present day higher educational trends, maybe. While here, Jean typed 269 pages of my narrative, approximately 10,000 words, (544 pages script.)

Today, resume my story, with Page 1, "second volume." Arose at 3 A.M. the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp Custer, Michigan; talked out as Surgeon 10th Infantry by Major J.C. Adams, U.C., but continued with the Regiment as Surgeon 1st Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, ^{is} a Military Reservation for Troop Training in the recurring Wars of America, located on an elevated sandy plateau.

Shriving glacial erosion, marked by large and small ponds, with numerous muskrat "houses."

The Camp located six miles from the thriving town of Battle Creek (name)

because of some forgotten conflict of the
pioneers with the Indian residents of
the Valley, a world center in all
production of cereal foods, typified by
the names Post and Kellogg. There
also is located the famous Hortorium
of the Christian Scientists; also
abounding Vegetarianism in diet.
The Bottom lands of alluvial soil
produce celery as a principal crop.
Abandoned farm houses marked the
sandy plateau of several thousand
acres; the soil appeared thin and
worn out by unskillful cropping;
adapted to grape growing; each
farm had a small vineyard of
neglected appearance. Prevailing
winds from the west, and ~~such~~ the
trees and shrubbery about the houses
lean eastward due to constant
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland
sea.

The nature of the country is well
described by W. B. Miller, in his
book "I found no Peace," 1936,
where Gray-hood house was
near Dowagiac, Michigan;
a famous "War Correspondent" and
"Isolationist" - if not a pacifist, his
writing not approved by the war-
mongers, and Mason, Churchill
and our own F. D. Roosevelt -
Miller was found killed by a "Fall"

From a train in ³ the London yards,
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the
United States in the war in Europe,
as Miller had been strongly writing
and opposing the war, he had met
the same ostracism by internationalists
as had the ~~Warren~~ Colonel Charles
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill
faction. It is therefore probably
certain - that Miller was snuffed
by agents in the employ of the
authority in Britain and America,
the cause of death officially written
off as an accident, with the usual
hypocritical "regrets" of the inter-
National Press and Politicians.

W. W. Miller, shortly before his
death, in early middle life, had
married an English woman. His
book, little known, and almost
forgotten, may yet be given the
credit that is its due, a clear
and sensible commentary on the
wars of empire in the first years
of the twentieth century, A. D.
His death was timely, perhaps;
as undoubtedly he would have been
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh
and retired, as has the latter, to
comparative obscurity. By good
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still
survives, though looked on with
suspicion as a Divergent!

His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abductions and murders of his first born son - Mrs. Lindbergh (Came Morrow) appears a gifted and able woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books, though not brilliant, are sufficient evidence of talent and morality - a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The fiendish murder of the Lindbergh Infant typical of human degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America - an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americas.

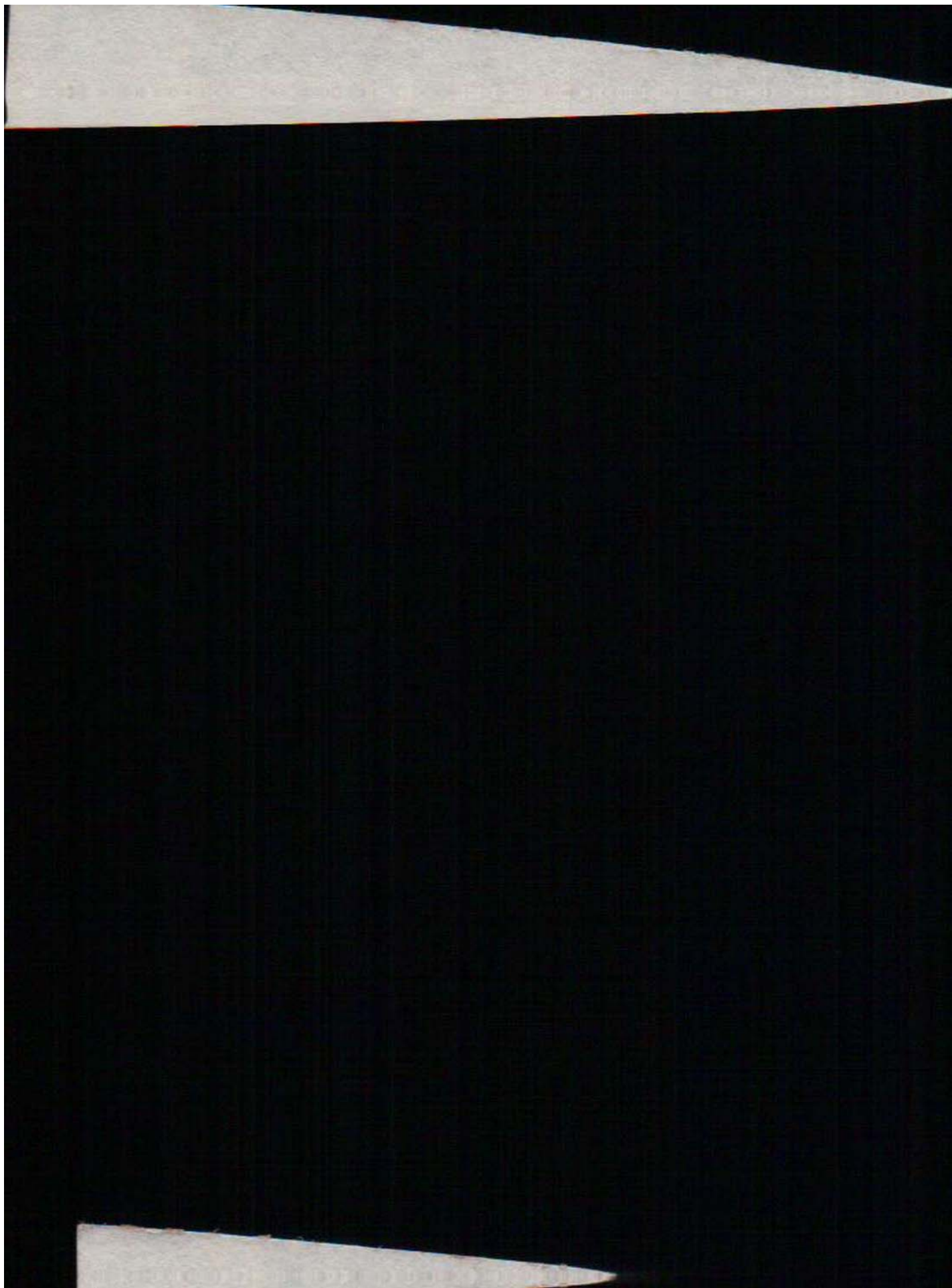
In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Center, while the 1st Infantry Division was being processed to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farm house near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and

predecessor of
and mother

Peaceful rural community was
once inhabited here; the spot now
devoted to the study of war in the
School of Mars.

The house was sound and well
built and sound, though never painted;
an iron cooking stove abandoned by
my former occupant and owner.
The quartermaster agreed to my plan
in lieu of quarters in "ind", and
supplying some fuel, a few utensils
and tools and bedding. With the
help of Mr. Gary and Arthur we
contrived a table and benches from
boards salvaged from Camp refuse;
four mattresses spread on the floor.
I met the family in Battle Creek
October first, moving immediately
into our new home on the Farming
Road, which we occupied quite
comfortably until my "honorable"
discharge from the Army the following
February, 1918-1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved
mild with little snow, compared
with the preceding "hard winter"
of 1914, marked by gales blowing
from the Lake and drifting snow
on pleasant days, and off duty, all
of us took walks in the country
with its adjacent woods and small
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we
visited Battle Creek, where for a



Couple of months before we attended
Public School. Part of his sketchy
formal education, until his final
graduation from Marlinton High
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a kindly grocer in
Battle Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind
in delivering food stuff not
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family
man, apparently in a good way in
business, as the saying goes, was
quite openly admired for his high
spirit and acceptance of our
Nomadic Army life, with its
pioneering aspects on the Harmony Road.
He frequently delivered groceries in
person. At our departure from
~~the army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge
of two kittens and a young dog
the children had taken in. In
connection with the final disposition
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote
before our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalangora
where James Brother Maceri was
employed as a boy-scout executive
for the local Scout Camp.

Taken all together, our winter
with the Army at the house on the
Harmony Road, more than endurable
and routine for both ~~with~~ ~~with~~ a few
and our young children. Perhaps

With my usual matter of factness
spent too many evenings until late
at the card games in Officers mess;
But Jean, as always in our family
life of twenty two years did not
complain of my absence on business
or otherwise, except once when
I staid unusually late and failed
to meet her on return from town
by street car, she and the children
getting "home" as best they could
in the rain and mud. This was
mexcusable, on my part; Deeply
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was
neglectful of the family comfort;
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard
and long for this comfort, and
supplied every comfort need;
fortunately, I had other means than
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,
style 1917. Never incurred a
debt during entire ~~active~~ active service.

Undoubtedly, Jean missed her
accustomed social contacts
during this time, although 35,000
human beings and their camp
follower inhabited the Army Camp.
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride
from the East, and following the
example also set up these
kitchens in another form.

+ and again comparing

Have a quarter mile on the Harmony
road. An exchange of calls
did not lead to cordiality between
the families, particularly on the part
of the Lees regarding the part
terrible turn-out of marriage
~~matter~~ concerning; and Captain
Lee and wife soon took an apart-
ment in town.

Once again gave shelter to a
young woman, Camp follower, &
married to a ~~young~~ sergeant, who
did not remain long. We
learned the young soldier won-
Com had been "Bartley" for neglect
of duty; it being evident that
Marriage in his case had not shown
his way to promotions and pay.
At Thanksgiving, Jean prepared
an excellent and elaborate turkey
dinner, and we had in St. Xavier
my friends of Rock Island Camp.
Captain ~~Vauter~~ Eugene Vauter,
now with the 40th Regiment, formed
from the 10th. Captain Vauter
in full dress uniform in honor
of the occasion. Moreover, ~~Captain~~
~~Vauter~~ a native of Albemarle County,
Va. and a gentleman born, single
and even then approaching middle life
in his thirties. He was living at
last alone; married a retired officer in

Saturday
September 5, 1959
3 AM.

This day marks my
74th year residence
at Marlin, Boston.
James and I con-
pleted our trek in the "Carry-all" from
Rockingham County, referred to at length
in a preceding Chapter. I a boy
aged ~~49~~ 77 (1946) and 59 (1930).
Our first night in Brentwood County
at the home in Huntersville of
Dr. S. P. Patterson.
A change in plans and extensive
alterations being made in the drainage
and sewerage system under Main
Street - at added cost. As the
whole street is to be paved with 2 feet
of concrete Complanate; the sewer
and water systems underlying will
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a sailor,
that I am sheltered in our home
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;
perhaps, with her genius for coaching
~~and managing~~ young women in
their settling in life, hoped to save
the marriage. However this young
person proved to be "Not the marrying
brand," and soon disappeared from
our household; perhaps to become

On the arrival¹⁰ of the Battalion at Camp
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a
large number of negro draftees running
at large, encamped adjacent to
our ~~Cavalry~~ Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed
by the order and discipline of our
~~Reg~~ Regular troops; many blushed
to try the "new doctor" in camp,
and appeared in numbers for treatment
of their many diseases, though having
their own Medical Detachment and
Physicians.

I found it necessary
to turn these away to seek their
own medical facilities. One
of their Lieutenants (White) called
on me as Regimental Surgeon
and audaciously threatened to "Report"
me as refusing his men medical
attention. Telling him to "report
and be damned," he did report me
to the Division Surgeon, but I
escaped with a mild reprimand
from Colonel Wright to be more
diplomatic in future in handling
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Burke ^{Jackson} ~~Forward~~,
a colored boy who had for a time
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter
and field hand. Burke had been
swept in by the draft, and hearing
of my presence, called to pay respect

11

Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense. Mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "Delephant Battalion," the dumping ground of army misfits, where he was doing his ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, patriotically glad to see me. ~~The~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Curtis. After his army hitch, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the Girl," (Jennie) their welfare and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army, Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge ("Surgeons Certificate of Disability"). The cause of Discharge was written "Impossibility." When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~and~~ exhibited the discharge paper no more. Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in "trouble," only weak mentally. He had a good heart. Peace to his ashes.

The 10th Regiment, recruited to full
was strength, autumn 1918, and the
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ shoulder
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ~~for~~
"overseas" and routine examinations
made of men and officers for that duty.

At the same time, Colonel C. C. Creighton
M.C., devised two specially irksome
activities for medical officers,
designed to test and improve
whatever physical and mental qualities
were possessed.

The first, "Pop drill," specially
for those assigned "overseas". A
young medical Lieutenant, who appeared
to have recently been a football
player and coach, was assigned
to drill us; of fierce facial expression
and mental density typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the
athletic field, about forty in number
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress-
~~and~~ were put through all paces,
consisting of setting up exercises,
including short runs and leaping
low hurdles. ~~Individuals~~ ^{Individuals} who
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the
knees ~~were~~ ^{was} singled out to go
run a hundred yards and return
and jump a hurdle.

~~There~~ A middle-aged and dignified

13
Major, M.C., who in civilian life had
probably been a distinguished man in
the community, dared to protest,
with some heat, this ignominious
destructive to moral; his protest
received in stony silence by our
"Coach." It appeared for the moment
one of those tense tense moments,
not unknown in the military life;
but we were soon dismissed without
noting.

Another ~~part~~ ^{boresome duty} designed by Colonel
Creighton was a weekly quiz
~~designed~~ to test our professional
fitness and scholasticism. All
Divisional medical officers assembled
and required to recite; ~~indeed~~ ^{some} ~~called~~
called on at random by the grilling
officers. It is readily seen this
could be embarrassing and
destructive of true moral in the
military service.

Once when called on to describe
some intricate detail involving the
blood circulation, I rose and
stated I was not prepared to
recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical
degree from a University and
had practiced medicine and surgery
for fifteen years just past, including
one and one half years active
military service. This I did

Father then attempted to ~~escape~~ from a
defective memory. Anatomical details.
Having had my day, I sat down, and
was not called on again by the
"Professor" detailed by Creighton
to quiz us.

Ambrose Pare, noted Military
Surgeon of the sixteenth Century,
was largely ignorant of scientific
details; I have not yet ^{learned} described
the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory
symptoms of the onset of the great
Influenza epidemic of 1918, ~~and~~ and
well as ~~onset of winter~~ ^{and} the
"Armistice" of November 11th, put
a final quietus to the Creightonian
Nagging. His Medical Divisional
Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing
numbers of ~~soldiers~~ ^{soldiers} reporting with
fevers and catarrhal symptoms
at H.C. Camp, Colonel Creighton
was inclined, at first, to suppress
the percentage of sick in the Camp,
even directing the diagnosis
"Influenza" be used sparingly.
However, I continued writing "Influenza"
quarters, where indicated. ~~at the~~

Sunday, Sept. 6, 1919 13-
4 A.M.

"September Morn," an
idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights.
Ripening fields; some corn already in sheaf.
Slept a little late, rising at 4 A.M. Some
weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large
numbers in quarters and hospital, and
the nights cool; the men began to close
the windows in Barr Crowded Barracks
for already full to suffocation with
smoking, coughing sick soldiers, ~~and~~
a duty of the officers of the day to keep
open a certain number of windows
for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for
the Divisional Medical Staff heard
of no more in the onset of the epidemic.
Futile efforts made to make the sick
comfortable; more straw provided to
stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra
barracks made available for the sick
and partial isolation. A good deal
of confusion as to the number reported
daily as present and fit for duty.
Numbers went to their rear-by homes,
or overstay leaves of absence, and
not missed at assembly. ~~And~~ Others
could have done so, without being
reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many
as fifty in one day, from pneumonia
and complications, besides the per-
manently disabled by flailing and.

16
tubercular infections. (Many a
pensioner is living today - Forty years
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)
I do not know the exact mortality
at Camp Curtis following the "flu"
epidemic, but many hundreds died.
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians
life, and the virus infections deadly.
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities
among ~~the women~~ who bore children, and
~~those who~~ gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks
quarters, though the officers of the day
deposed to get the sick to hospital,
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in camp.
Civilians and armed men have a
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity
- did not contract flu. Myself and
family staid well. Possibly due to
having had influenza the winter of
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov 11,
and due to epidemic disease, there
was a let down in morale and the
movement set in among the men and
officers to "go home," ~~unopposed~~
opposed

for a time by higher authority. The
movement extended to "over seas" and
in January Detachment began to arrive
for discharge at the "Base", ~~every~~ very
friendly with their over-seas cops,
serap leggings and "gold" service
stripes. Some name-calling and
even fights occurred between
individual soldiers on a point of honor.
The soldiers of my old Rock Island
detachment especially beligerant on
the subject; ~~as~~ all young volunteers
at the outbreak of the war. A ~~few~~ ^{some}
point freely expressed; not even
permitted in general orders of
"trips" for voluntary service, ~~that~~ ^{when}
~~that~~ decorations were handed out
freely for every imaginable
~~that~~ distinction ~~other~~.

Army Bureaucracy reached a
all-time high in stupidity in this
lay-up, advertising an unpopular
foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided
in December, 1918, to break out with
renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early fallor only the
"Armistice" of Nov. 11th put in an
application for discharge, feeling
the urge to get out of the Army and

back to civilian employment, to
restore personal finances, much
depleted. This was finally granted
to take effect January 27, 1919. I
had been duly examined in the field
by a board of Medical officers
and pronounced perfect physically,
presumably, also, mentally unimpaired
and unscathed by a year, seven
months and twenty-seven days
"Home service" in ~~active~~ war time,
including about eighty months
"Field Service" with the 104th Infantry, 45 Army.
Like thousands of other soldiers
and officers, in my anxiety and haste
to get home and ~~into~~ business in
a "War Market" I ignored or
concealed injury or illness that
could have been pensionable at
a later date, or even retirement
pay as a Reserve officer. The ~~unhappy~~
Railroad accident at Blue
Creek, in particular, to both legs.
Incidentally, I may add, that
the number of Medical officers
granted "retirement" status after the
war of 1917, became a national
scandal shortly after, due to favors
granted this or that kind by a Medical
retirement board. (Comp. morae)

Friday, Sept. 11, 1959 19
Thirty days of almost continuous heavy weather,
around 90 each day; cooler weather and
fall signs. Combining cut, locally the
average was large. Work on the Road
and bridge progressing; but delayed by
extensive ditching for sewerage. And
day a typical "September Morn." a long
distance call from Mr. Lemmon, of Chadwell,
of United Fuel Gas, regarding renewal
of leases Campbell Ry. Mines. It is
evident they are still interested in
this gas field.

Following the armistice of November 11, 1918,
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced
the war was over, and the Pentagon of
the day agreed, and settled down to wait
discharge. There had been no deaths or
serious illness among the officers of the 10th
and 40th Regiments during the influenza
epidemic, and all of us relinquished early
his hope for promotions and pay in the war.
Leaves and the family by this time were well
enough quarters in his old house on the
Farmway Road, with more space and
freedom of movement than most families
in the army enjoyed. We made visits
to town, saw a show occasionally, and
lived in hope of early discharge and return
to Marlinton. No more bay drills and
gung classes by Colonel Bright, a
Division Surgeon much distressed by the
heavy mortality during the epidemic.
Morale in the camp was low; no Refs
games were frequent, and playing for Refs
was rapidly turning to unjustified

20
Losses to many officers, as for the men, their
losses usually confined to any money
they had in hand. Credit of "Jaw-bone"
in gambling not popular among the
centurions. ^{never time the game}
Antium Cal at night the Barrack window
of officers mess covered with blankets and
lights were supposed to be "out". On
such a drop note. The war so far as it
concerned the Citizens soldiery, ended.
This passes the glory of the earth.

Johnson made my financial clearance with
the Quartermaster, the Commissary and the
officers mess, early in February we left
the farm house and returned for home.

During the second day in the evening
regaining practice in my profession
after long absence, in my case, was
comparatively easy, as I had retained,
and paid rent on my office in the Bank
during my absence I was able to begin
immediately, and it is a matter of some
pride I earned a dollar the first day.
I also made a deal with Ford Peabody,
and friend James Baxter for a Model
T and to work. Influenza was still
rampant and home attendance of cases
of child birth the usual thing. It is
true the mud of late winter was
almost bottomless, but I and
my Model T and a horse I purchased
valiently tried to answer all calls.

Just as I had been accustomed to doing
before my tour of the War and its clamors.
It is a singular fact that in the Spring of
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice
in Marlinton was equipped with either
horse or auto transportation; ~~except~~ except
myself; the others relying on hired
conveyance or conveying the homes
by the clients. I had thus first call
on Country Practice, and kept busy.
Many Physicians returning from the
West not so fortunate as I; some
finding their places filled by claim
jumping Doctors, or otherwise ousted.
"For emulation has a thousand sons,
Who stand in line; if one be gone
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my Power and
place as an elected County official,
but hoped to regain that or some other
Public office; at this time having, as I
thought, a justifiable belief that the
returning Soldiers might be welded
into a voting block of influence in
the election as supporters of former
officers and comrades. The election
of next year, a Presidential year,
together with woman suffrage, pretty
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans
Politically, in a foreign war.

The sad case of my class-mate and

Mr. war ~~commute~~ Captain George A. McQueen, M.C., is cited as a ~~good~~ to the fertility as a patriotic asset of service in that war - a brilliant student and prominent in the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of Maryland, and a native of Semmerville in Nicholas County, Do. McQueen was quickly successful as physician and Surgeon in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married; and before 1917 had served as Mayor of the Capital City.

After honorable service he aspired to the office of Governor of the State, with ~~respectable~~ ^{impressive} personal and financial backing; his grandiose figure in uniform featuring his campaign posters, as justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldier's vote, ~~expected~~ in the elections of 1920. This proved a delusion, of the ~~highest~~ ^{most} magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as personal and political opinions dictated, as heretofore, before and after the war. Dr. McQueen, running as a Democrat, failed of ^{the} nomination, going to some "Civilian" Politician, who was in turn, defeated by the Republicans - ~~land-slide~~ ^{land-slide} of 1920.

The losses of a Political Campaign were heavy and the Doctor lost out in ~~the~~ profession as well. The death of his

Beloved wife affected Dr. McQueen
adversely, as usual, and he partially
succeeded to the use of alcohol.
My last meeting with my friend Doctor
George A. McQueen was at the meeting
of the State Medical Association in
Huntington, W. Va. May, 1921, and
at a Country Club. I observed George
shaking, under the influence, half tipsy,
shooting dice on a floor of the
card room; as for myself, I was
sitting in a game of stud poker,
one of the participants and on my
left no other than the elderly
first mayor of the town of Huntington
Peter Kline Buffington; and even in
old age enjoyed the society of
the comparatively young.

A singular incident of the Poker
game. A visiting sharp-shooter had
for some reason singled me out
as a special contestant, and in one
round, the play narrowed down to Mr.
~~Buffington~~ ^{Buffington}, the sharper, and me; and as I
held three kings and no especial
danger in sight, stood several ^{times} ~~times~~
on a ² ~~2~~ ^{daily} limit. It seems that
Mr. ~~Buffington~~ ^{Buffington}, who was on my left, staid
in deliberately, as he resented what

he considered "staying" or bluffing
tactics of the sharp-shooter directed
at me in several plays previous.
His quite obvious "staying" nettled
and discomprized my opponents who
dropped out on the next bet. Mr. ~~Wade~~
commented to me after the game, in
which I was a small winner, what
the gentleman had against me.

Because of alcoholism, after
a few years, Dr. McQueen lost
out professionally and politically
and died aged about 40 years.
Unusually gifted and promising
in early life, his end I fear was not
peace. I trust he was in the
Covenant of Grace; though wandering
not last.

The death of a brother, a Doctor
McQueen, Dentist at Seemerville a
few years since was tragic. He
fell into an open hearth fire; it may
have been while dozing, and was
fatally burned.

Further, I will record that in the elections
of 1920 I was nominated for County
Commissioner, as a Democrat, and
defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams,
prominent Lumberman and Banker.
~~He~~ I opposed the amendment to the state
constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.

Putnam

Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939²⁵ - Rose at 3.30. The
Mummy Coal; a burning fire in the Bath room -
very usual "sitting down" in early morning
and eve. Cellars has come - then Winter.
It seemed unreasonable to me - then as
now - that people the voters - men and
women - under the leadership of Tay-
lors in the Legislature, would
sally to the Polls and vote an amend-
ment enabling the State to borrow
vast sums to build internal
improvements. The Mothers state
that Virginia, Reminiscent of the
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating
to a period before the Revolution
of 1861; the West Virginia part of
the "Virginia Debt" until receiving
a political issue, in 1920, finally
settled by payment of Fourteen
million Dollars with interest. Elected
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.
In the election the "Good Roads
Amendment," with its borrowing
"Revolving" fund, carried heavily;
particularly popular with the need
women voters; ~~also~~ the ladies
as always, insufficient for progress,
regardless of Public Debt. The
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me
in the election; besides the trend that

Year was Republican. Wilson Paralytic and Senile, held on to the Presidency to his last gasp for breath in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not going my way - My defeat for County Court not unexpected. The Campaign was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat, I was soon after elected to the Town Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton. Meanwhile I was practicing to the limit of capacity, enjoyed a good income, sufficiently ample for all present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-year onset of the incredible 18th amendment, with moonshining traffic in hard liquors and the home brewing of filthy country wines and liquors, along with Judicial and Police Tyrannies, graft and hypocrasies. Our home, like others in Marlinton, was marked as a petty brewery of Malt liquors and fermented assorted drinks, with Wmmy, aged 13 years an enthusiastic helper in patently operations, thus early acquiring a taste for illicit alcoholic Beverages. With my customary aloofness, I

gave no need. Signs of danger, even when, at times, I found at the house an assorted drinking party of men and women. I was personally there and through life a total abstainer.

Always early to rise for a breath of morning air, and busy with my practice of Medicine, and gardening, Land-Scaping and forestry, I ignored as did not observe the plain signs of disaster in the family life.

From early life Jean had been accustomed to social drinking on occasion; now for a considerable period - about three years - excessive and habitual, until the onset of ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety about Norman's alcoholism, put a final stop to her drinking, but ~~her death~~ four years later.

About this time the activities of Mr. H.S. Ruelar, an attorney, and for long operator of a part-time gambling Commercial Paper place in an apartment over his office; he was also notable in the Moonshine and Home Brew Business, as an adjunct to his Paper game, and as a business.

"The Judge," as he was often called by owners and customers, possessed

28
An ancient auto - a "Hup" or
other extinct brand, the operations of
which required the expert attention
of Henry Hines, and who drove the
car on Judge Ruchers frequent
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided
one Hoptlett, a lead mine, moon distiller
of Moonshine. Many times Henry
accompanied ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~also in~~
~~with~~ the expeditions. It was on
returning from a trip to the North Fork
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I
first observed Jean drunk in the
Autumn of 1928. The unpleasant
incident is fixed in memory,
because Jean ~~proper~~ exhibited a
long knife, or stiletto, I did not
know she possessed, and stated
fiercely that if I objected to her
conduct I would be killed then
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor
fled or made resistance; she put
away the evil looking stiletto;
and nothing more said of the
incident. Nor was the threat
repeated. Doubtless, I have always
thought of the right of a woman
to kill her husband, if she cannot
live with him, and feared not
be penalized. It may be this

29
be considered one of the risks inherent
in the state of Matrimony. I know
the incident was deeply regretted by
Jean when she later came to her senses.
She had a good heart, and would
normally ^{have} died, literally, for her
husband and children.
Many years later, and following my
Jean's death, Brother James told me,
quite casually, that he had ^{then} expected
Jean to kill me - about 1923.

Except for an occasional incident
as the foregoing, ~~it is not at all~~ ^{it is not at all} rated
our domestic life ~~was~~ unhappy;
~~actually~~, actually, we lived well,
decently and in harmony. My
single, and doubtful, diversion was
the weekly Village Paper game,
generally ~~usually~~ all night, which was
interrupted by a call, usually of
an abstract nature.

It is related of the great London
Physician, John Hunter, 17th Century,
that on one occasion returning late
to his home after a day's work of
research and practice, found his wife
presiding at a mixed party, or
"fink-fap", as he described it, and
dispersed the gathering, thus
exhibiting his authority.

Sunday, Sept. 13, 1909 30 30
4 a.m.

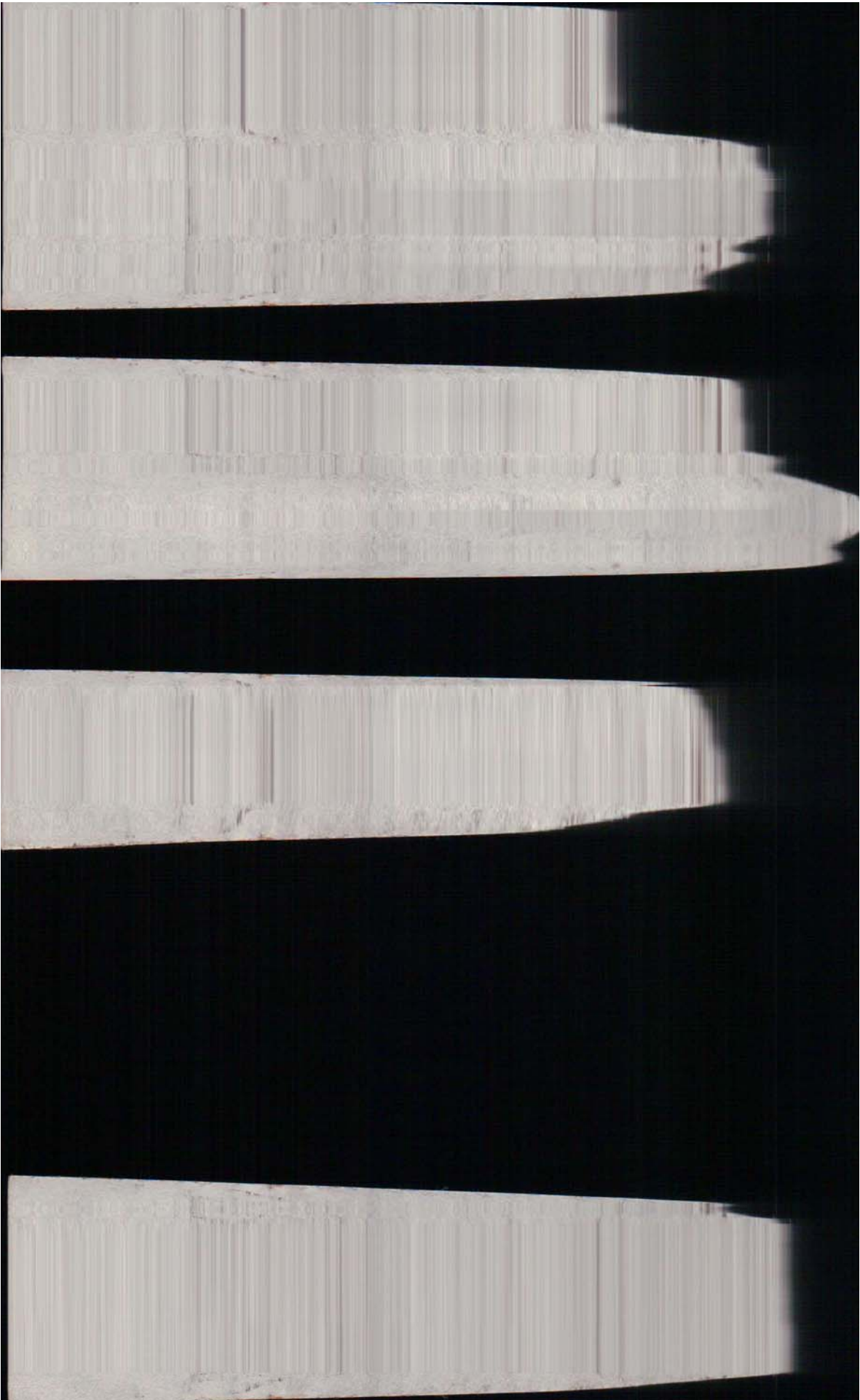
I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complete National election - style of about 1970. Personally, such problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

The youths shall faint and be weary,
And the young men shall utterly fall;
But they that wait upon the Lord
They shall mount up with wings as Eagles;
They shall run and not be weary;
And they shall walk and not fall faint.

A recent letter from Amos L. Harold of Austin Texas; two pages written in execrable, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time to practice round letter writing, with some wrist and forearm action, "even as you and I."

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because if I do not make the damned

(44444) I shall attend him, because if I do not make the damned



Mrs Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a
 handsome lady of large frame, the
 mother of three daughters; a native
 of Amherst County, Virginia and of
 excellent family and culture.
 Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney
 and journalist, practiced law in
 our County and edited the Marlinton
 Journal for several years. In
 1899 he married Miss Lillie Yeager -
 daughter of Henry A. Yeager. Mr. Sam
 Scott had University Education, was
 literate, even a genius; but was
 dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -
 all of which is another story.

During this married life in Huntersville
 and Marlinton, over a period of about
 forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker
 "separated" a number of times, due
 principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent
 affairs with certain Native Concubines
 of the Period.

On more than one occasion when
 Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at
 a fast gait the team of two cross-
 gray horses, with her three daughters
 in the large family Chariot, the
 village would remark that Mrs.
 Fizzie Rucker was leaving Scott

Rucker, again ³³

When an attractive woman of middle age leaves her husband, and does not find another man of means to take her up, she is lost.

A lady of high Principal, Mrs. Rucker, on these recurrent separations invariably went to the home of her father-in-law, Dr. William P. Rucker, at Lewisburg for refuge. After a time, a reconciliation would be patched up, and Mrs. Rucker ~~too~~ and the children would drive home. One such incident occurred about 1907, and the old Dr. Rucker having died, Mrs. Rucker took a small hotel or boarding house in Norfolk, Virginia, in anticipation of expected touring activity connected with the Jacksonian & Jacksonian ~~that~~ ~~year~~. Due to a minor business recession that year, or to public indifference, the ~~&~~ position proved a failure, or "flop," and in due time she returned to her home in Marlinton. On another occasion she removed herself, (My girls grown, and all teaching or doing secretarial work) as far as Mobile, Alabama, but again returned. About 1912, to reside

with her aged ³⁴ husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life the deadly sin she could not bear was Scott Rucker's "infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally depending those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also popular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from loving wives, if other evidence was not to be found or proven.

Incidentally affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his Court Room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Court House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The joint gradually lost its atmosphere of gentility as a resort for an hour's respite by fellow attorneys and gentlemen, and at last became known as a "Rake-off" game, resorted to by "lumber" jacks, even negroes; with a bit of boot-legging of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County grand-jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker's gambling "joint."

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The Prosecution was usually unsuccessful
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors
not usually cooperation in supporting
"Law and Order".

On one occasion, the late William Dearing
was asked by the Grand Jury Foreman if he
played Poker, replied he "did not know
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~and~~
and had no luck. This from a
veteran soldier of the 1st Cavalry,
excited merriment, and no damning
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet
lives a retired and blameless life in
Marlinton at an advanced age,
supported for the most part by his
"Social Security". Married late in
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Thorne,
who has recently died. For many
years Wallace Lange followed
the life of a woodsman in the Lumbers
Camp, was known as "Pete", and his
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in cards
games to some extent. Proverbial
when asked by the jury foreman and
Prosecutor, he admitted having played
in Ruckers apartment; interrogated
further if he had seen money pass
commercially in the game, "Pete"
replied he had seen "Donations"
to provide utilities, Cards, light, heat,

Foot 26, mages, 36

Sanitar services and other Sanitarious
surroundings of a gentleman's game -
The jury returned no indictment.
To fully appreciate this anecdote,
one needs be familiar with Walter
Lange, his personality, eagle eye and
and peaked nose, altogether a hand-
some man, not often seen, even in
age and adversity; correct in his
language, although not regularly
educated, his education that of a
man of the world endowed with
intelligence. I believe, had fate so
decreed, Wallace Lange could
have been a leader in war and
peace. True, a lifetime in the
Cumber Camps - like unto soldiering,
he may have spent too many hours
studying the ^{history of} things, and the
favors of the Goddess of Chance.

At present friend Lange lives
alone in his cottage at the base of
Price Hill in West Marlinton. And
Providence has granted him length
of days following an active life in
the open and forest places. He was
born on the lofty top of Buck's Mountain
overlooking Marlinton from the west.

Now he can review life as vanity;
"the shadow of a dream"; at the same
time zeal and earnest. ~~In good luck!~~

In the autumn of 1904 and Jean being detained
at home, our young son being an infant of
eight months, I desired to offset the
exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's
consent travelled alone by rail, and by
way of Baltimore, having a nostalgia
up to a gain ~~see~~ recall student days,
after a four years interval, that had
witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two
days in a student's boarding house
West Fayette Street, and mingle
with students assembling at the
University of Maryland Medical
School, where I readily passed
for one of them, with the reserve
of new acquaintances. The Medical
School had recently opened for both
men and women - an innovation -
a woman medical sat near me at
table, who appeared to speak German
by choice. I did not rate her as near
my equal in beauty and charm as
Dr. Alice Steffian of the early days.
I travelled by boat from Baltimore
to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the
shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving
the boat, who should appear looking
for lodgers at her rooming house
than Mrs. Fizz Rucker, who had
recently "left" Scott Rucker as her
wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker
either did not recognize me, or a student

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appearance of looking so; she may have
felt somewhat near sighted, or ~~her~~
over-sight. As she had seemed to
look directly at me without recognition,
I chose not to introduce myself, and not
long afterward I heard that she had
given up her logging business and
returned to her home.

After Mr. Rucker's death in 1924, Mrs.
Rucker went to Alabama for a while.
Before her departure she enlisted Jean
to arrange and dispose of the household
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,
including some debts the Ruckers
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Premontory symptoms of Jean's
long illness had already appeared
in the fall of 1924, but she labored
long and hard on the Rucker
disposal of effects, though not
feeling well. This she did from
some feeling of association and
friendship for the family over many
years; although at the time I did
not think she owed them much,
either in association or sincere
friendship; especially in the matter
before referred to in the Automobile
expeditions for ~~the~~ foot-leg
legions, wines and home brews
of the early years of Prohibition
beginning in 1930.

39
This trafficking by Jean of the Rucher
family, and effects continued for
about a year, because as late as
September, 1925, I paid Mr. Rucher
for books and some furnishings. By
then Jean's liver and pancreas was
failed to function markedly, together with
hardening of the arteries and emaciation.
An abnormal craving for Carminatives -
Cloves, pepper, cinnamon, was a symptom.
A collection of wines in jugs and some
malted drinks in bottles no longer craved
as nature had revolted against such
abuse of appetite for food and drink.
It was necessary to keep the "wines" under
lock, as by this time Norman was quite
tiring and eager to dispose of the lot
in short order.

near spring, 1926, as a general state
police had begun raiding private houses
in Marlinton in search of alcoholic
beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose
of all "cellar" contents, some gallons
of jug of wine being cached by me
among ~~the~~ ^{the} rocks on the hill-side.
Some years later when I ~~searched~~ ^{looked}
for this treasure I could not find
a single jug - six in number -
but it had exploded, or else
I had not marked the site of
burial ~~treasure~~ sufficiently well.
Anyway, the brew was not of a vintage
exactly improved by "age."

434
Saturday - 1/9/1960 4 a.m. a mild winter - this
morning a balmy "forty". wrote five pages
letters. Perhaps with "Memories"
completed, & may fill in with letters,
Diaries, & Essays. Having begun
"a dog's life", continue to the end.
- writing.

Down. Clear, at 7 - not even heavy
frost. Rain, or snow, in the offing.
There has been little floating (churn)
ice in the Green River winter 1959-1960.
"the weather" important in human life
on this earth planet.

Wednesday 1/13/60 Rain in the night
4 a.m. - Mild
wake at 2 a.m. tried to get back to sleep;
failed. This is not surprising, as I
slept eleven hours right before -
got up at 4 a.m. with a crew to
write some letters.

Yesterday morning made some
progress removing old wire fencing
from the garden lot, and early spring
cleaning leaves and shrubbery.

The Bridge Rd. - walks completed -
all that remains the metal guard
rails. The wooden bridge still
in use. River remarkably free from
ice and high water past months

Thursday - 1/14/60 435 Jan. 13, 1960 - Full Moon.
5-am! The weather continues mild.
Got on, yesterday, with Jimmy Oleumey
Gardner. Removed Helen down jewelry-
letter from Jean, Jan. 9. All's well.
Jean, Jr. - Returned to school - Nashville Tenn.
Andrew Jackson's "Hermitage" new city.
It is announced Governor Underwood
and staff will attend the Bridge "opening".
An election year, no bets over looked.
If I attend, the "luck up," ~~if~~ because
of "Seigniorage" - Not "Popularity".

Joseph H. Buzzard

(1862-1942)

Joseph H. Buzzard was born on Anthony's Creek, the
son of a Confederate soldier, slain in the
war (25th Va. Infantry) in 1862. From
earliest youth in a post-war period
accustomed to privations and hardships of
a pioneering community.

In early Manhood his left leg
was so severely fractured at the knee
by a falling tree that two or more
physicians debated amputation of the leg.
Dr. John M. Lyon, himself a Veteran, one
of the surgeons.

Joe Buzzard recovered without loss of
limb, but ever after walked with a
noticeably distorted gait, his foot inverted
outward, but without aid of cane or
crutch - using neither cane or crutch.

By nature intelligent and Personable, he used his crippling adversity as an asset, becoming a self educated business man and public official; for several terms the respected assessor of Pocahontas County, and for more than one term Treasurer - Sheriff. As a youth known for his trading ability in live-stock and doing a full man in supporting his mother widowed in the war (1861).

Apparently, a hopeless cripple, in his young manhood Joe Buzzard persuaded Mrs. Jennina Alderman, noted belle of Dentons Creek, to marry him. Whiff of itself speaks volumes about Joe's business ability and strength of Character.

Mrs. Jennina Buzzard has recently died, ~~at~~ (1958) at her home near Huntersville, aged 96 years. A personal friend and client for fifty years, I could relate incidents of Aunt Jennina's good sense and strong ~~character~~ ^{individuality}. Usually, in summer, she could be found at her house or in the garden bare-foot; strong and capable, though far advanced in years. At ninety known to walk to Stillwell - seven miles - to visit her daughter Mrs. A. Lee McCord.

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On one occasion I was called to treat
Mr. Buzzard for injuries received
while assisting her son Edwin in
corralling the unruly live stock at
his ranch on the Deep Run of Williams
River. At the time she was at the
home of her daughter, Mrs. Howard
McClure in Marlinton. The injury
several fractured ribs and bruises
having been run over by an outlaw
wild cow.

On this, and other occasions, Aunt
Jemima greeted me with her homely
salute:

"Pills, Pills; and Doctor's Bills!"
I have long thought the name "Jemima"
should be adopted frequently in naming
girls.

Though strong & independent, notably
independent & an intelligent strong-
minded woman, apparently indifferent
to public opinion, through her long
life Mr. Jemima Buzzard deferred
to Aunt Joe's superior education
and worldly knowledge. Her
usual address to her was a firm
"Jemima!"

At the very last, for past thirty years,
Aunt Jemima consented to brief visits or
calls in the County Hospital, treated by
Younger Physicians than myself. I am
told retaining mentality to the last. She

28438

Survived her husband many years -
Her family four grown sons and two
daughters. Tragedy had a place in
her family, endured with Stoic philosophy.

The eldest son, ~~William~~ Joseph, had been
~~for~~ was a soldier in the Regular Army -
a sergeant, at the beginning of the war
(1914). ~~He~~ and served with the First
Division in France. Following the
armistice, Nov. 11, 1918, Master Sergeant
Joseph Buzzard was knifed by a
French soldier in a brawl and killed.
This occurred ~~while~~ at a French
port while his ~~Regiment~~ was preparing
to return home. Sergeant Buzzard
left a wife in America, but not located
at last report. His death was rated
in line of duty. Burial in an
alien soil.

The youngest son, Harry Buzzard,
also a veteran (1914) died by a
self inflicted rifle shot in 1940,
while residing on the farm. A bold
active man, his rash act and
untimely end, aged forty years,
is ascribed to a fit of temper.
Harry was employed at the local
lumber and farming as well. His early
brother's death lamented, leaving a widow
and children.

Wednesday 2/3/1960 439

5-11-60 No recording, last two weeks, January 14-31, 1960. During this period a volume "January thaw," following the deep cold wave Jan 16-26, 1960, the bridge opened for traffic February 1, 1960 - a fine sunny day. By invitation of District Engineer Spangler, Constructors Engineer Saultbureau (Floyd County, Kentucky) and Road Foreman Arnold Burns were conveyed the message, I drove my car first over the bridge, - the third on this location over Greenbrier River. No special ceremony - but the remembrance and courtesy of the Engineering Department to me as a Senior Citizen appreciated. The history of the three bridges, over a period one hundred and ten years (1850-1960) has been recorded.

William Jones, colored, age 71 years, was found dead in his house, January, 1960. A veteran of 1917, drifted while living in Ohio. A few days before his death I met William Jones on the street, observing the "benevolence" of his countenance, "the image of God here by ebony." Pleased by his kind inquiries about my health and family well fore. His wife and family, rural children, living in Washington, having left William Jones alone in his house, foot of Martins Mountain, almost the last of his race in Martins available for odd jobs, horse cleaning, janitor service, repairs, and so forth. Also the last survivor of Joseph and Emily Jones, formerly ex-slaves, heirs of a small and dreary estate. Now lived in Martins Vaya Con Dios.

Joseph H. Buzzard was repeatedly elected Assessor of Pocatello County, early 20th Century, filling the office acceptably, with notable dignity and justice. Plainly dressed, he usually rode a mule on his official journey. In election years I have ~~often~~ heard his remark "Joe and his mule were running again;" the inference was that he was ~~unbeatable~~ for the office. At a period when taxation was a touchy subject. I have rarely heard Assessor Joe Buzzard's decisions and judgment questioned.

Joe Buzzard was Sheriff of the County during my ~~term~~ first term as County Commissioner - 1911-1916 - and our official relations were pleasant; he seemed to fully approve of my efforts to build roads and bridges, at a time when full responsibility rested with the County Board in this business.

Never a large land-owner, though his early unusual opportunity to acquire valuable lands, in the late years of the 19th Century Mr. Buzzard bought the Michael McFarquhar place, formerly known as the "Jake" McCallum place, presumably on favorable terms from the Pocatello Development Company, though none was heard to criticize, and was public confidence in Joe Buzzard's honesty and justice. About the same time an unfortunate partnership in a feed and supply business in Marlinton caused losses, and his

#41
last year, incumbered by Bank Loans.
However, Sheriff Buzzard's public accounts
were in perfect order throughout, until
his retirement from public life as assessor
and Treasurer - Sheriff of the County.
For several years before his death
his health declined, largely due to a
moderate oxidation in the lungs; acute
sensitivity to the air - and wearing heavy
woolens even in summer heat. On at
least one occasion when calling on him
at his home, I found him sitting up
and sorting out voluminous papers.
His death was sudden. Summoned
to his home, I found him, fully clothed,
lying dead on his bed, aged 77 years.
Without formal education, Joseph A. Buzzard
was self educated in contact with his
fellows - a reader and thinker.
Vaya Con Dios.

His son Rodney Buzzard, who yet lives
(1960) diverged politically, and elected
as a Republican Sheriff of Pocatello County.
At the present time, (1960) Joe Buzzard,
grandson, William Buzzard is running
for the Republican ticket for nomination
as Sheriff. A veteran of #4 the war
(1941) Bill was nominated in 1956 for
Sheriff, but beaten in the election. Because
of a preponderance of Registrations going
to Buzzard will need support from the
Democrats, from some of us who remember his
grandfather Joe Buzzard - Democrat.

441-A

Rodney Buzzard, son of Joseph H. Buzzard, elected as a Republican, served a term as Sheriff, acceptably, during the Reconstruction period, following the civil war and following the third decade of the century. The Sheriff's brother-in-law Mr. Howard McElevie was jail deputy. He and ~~his son~~ Mrs. McElevie having held the position for many years previously ~~and~~ notably during the terms of Sheriffs Williams Gibson and Lincoln Cochran. Both live at an advanced age in Marlinton. During this period many human derelicts, some aged "white pine" lumbermen, were housed in the jail annex, no other house of refuge, or "Poor Farm" being available at the time. From personal contact with some of these public charges I can testify to the uniform kindness to them shown by Mr. and Mrs. Howard McElevie over a long term of ~~of~~ through many seasons.

Howard McElevie in youth a "white pine" lumberman and log driver on the Green and River. At past eighty years, "his age is at a lusty wittes - frosty yet kindly."

I can also testify to the efficiency, personal courage and faithfulness of Sheriff Rodney Buzzard performing the multiple duties of his office. The personal dignity of his father, Joseph H. Buzzard, reflected in

441-B

The son, Mr. Rodney Buzzard still lives aged and alone in his small house near Huntersville; with the appearance of a man to be reckoned with, as becomes the son of Joseph and Linnamay Buzzard. He is lame, but walks erect, using a cane. I do not recall ever observing a "silly look" on the faces of any men or ~~and~~ boys of the J. H. Buzzard line.

Mr. Rodney Buzzard died many years ago, about the time Rodney served as ~~sher~~ County Sheriff, leaving quite a large family, children and grand-children. Unprofitable business resulted, also, in the loss of ancestral lands.

The low estate of government in the present era, undeniable, office holding becomingly inextricably tangled in a multitude of private interests, wellfare agencies and "Pressure Groups", or Labor Unions if you prefer -

It is altogether fitting that some of us (Democrats) support Young Bill Buzzard in his ambition to hold the office of County Sheriff, once held by his father and grandfather, Joseph Henry Buzzard, the latter a Democrat.

A sober, industrious, intelligent young man, who resides on his own ancestral acres on Cumming Creek near Huntersville - farming and as a job delivers the widely circulated Beechey Post-Herald to all parts of Rockingham County. As a diversion and social position, also Recording Secretary of the Huntersville Mens Club.

441-C

It has pleased me to write this testimonial
- unsolicited - Passably a surprise
to the Buzzard family Committee.
(Incidentally, there are, or have been
recently more than one Bill Buzzard
known in the county through the
years.) ~~Durham~~

During the Political Campaigns
of 1956 - ~~four years ago~~ - I recall
there was some confusion as to the
identity of the Republican Candidate
for Sheriff - Young William Buzzard
of Cummings Creek, and grandson of Joseph
P. Buzzard. By this time (1960)
~~there~~ there should be no mistake in
identity.

As a student of faces, William
Buzzard of the third generation, looks
to me to be a chip of the old block -
Joseph and Jennah Alderman
Buzzard.

~~Joseph - Alderman~~
(1880-1885)

Thursday 2/4/60 ⁴⁴²
5-am. The first four days of
February 1960. Frosty - clear and bright.
Water freezes in the bath-room sink tonight.
This week notable for opening the new
Bridge to traffic; temporary Bridge being
demolished - My car the first to officially cross the
Bridge, February 1, by courtesy of District
Engineer Pangler and Construction
Engineer Paulsbury.

Yesterday at 2 pm. Press pictures
at Center of Bridge, together with the
car and the Engineers; to appear
in ~~the~~ ^{the} Berkeley Times-Herald.

The Rickwood Paper - Hillbilly -
Prospering because of plain printing
of facts, and forthrightness, Edited
by Crustock and McClung. It
remains to be learned whether the paper
can "stand prosperity" - or no! The
editor recently remarked, regretfully,
that if appears "Dog owners (People
who like dogs) usually are neighbor
haters."

My letter to the Editor of "Hillbilly"
appears in the current issue - attached.
Full reports of the Regular (1960)
Legislative sessions quite remarkable,
especially the first week.

The fixed star (Sun) Arcturus
visible early morning at 5-am, high
in the North-east.

Saturday - 2/6/60 443
3-4 PM Heavy rains - ~~it~~ filed. Have
written several long letters past two days.
Dr. Ligon Price, Aspen, Colorado; Mrs. Mary
Bosworth - Fling (Formerly of Elkins)
Richmond, Virginia. - referred to the best
families in Randolph County, and of Jacob
Warwick descent. I can forward the
last installment (typed) - (432)

An informative letter from C. A. Dixon
about affairs in Eastern Kentucky, and
check for one hundred Dollars, Royalties
on the Wooten Creek Mine (Coal) - Wooten,
Leslie County, Kentucky. (Kyoga Coal).

January 26, 1960, The Chicago Tribune
featured the 80th day of birth General
Douglas Mac Arthur, old and diseased,
a millionaire, who dwells in a ten-suit
apartment 37th floor of the Waldorf Tower;
(When not in hospital); Figure-head
Chairman of the Board of a Corporation
(Rand-McNally); Portrait attached painted
many years past ago.

Colonel Robert MacConick attempted to
boost for the General for President in
1942 - for what reason not made clear.
Defeated, his army destroyed (by Bataan)
the Philippines (1941); leaving the second
in command in captivity (Gen. Wainwright)
According to "Regulations in Modern War"
- he escaped by air.
Again defeated and his army lost in
North Korea (1950), again deserting.

Keft Historians⁴⁴⁴ will have difficulty
~~even~~ in Building a National Hero of
two armies (which he deserves) destroyed
in the Orient, to be replaced by a draft
without limit, and Billions of War Dept.

A handsome soldier, the son of a
Civil War (1861) General, and a "West
Pointer," General MacArthur has been
"successful," and a thoroughly
disciplined old man, kept going
by a squad of Medical and Surgical
"Specialists," - including "His" personal
Physicians - and a Horde of Hospital
Corps Nurses and orderlies.

When in age Circinnatus was sought
to return and Command the armies,
the old Roman was found plowing
with oxen.

It is written: "King Azzarius trusted
in Physicians, that they might cure him;
and Azzarius slept with his fathers."

Political Economics in Modern United
States of America is well summed up in the
phrase: "Spend, Spend; Tax, Tax; Elect
and elect."

The saying first credited to the cynic
and Court favorite Harry Hopkins, and
will not down.

During the Administration of "Hc" -
wherein everybody lites - the Spending
Philosophy has been elaborated and improved.
Where it goes nobody knows!

Monday 5 AM. 445-
2/8/60

(Fixed Star) The morning clear - Arcturus
vibrant at 5 AM. Snow flurries
all the day - Sunday. Red Dawn -

General Douglas MacArthur, early
Lieutenant, went in August, 1932, troops under
his command dispersed the "Bonus
Marchers" and burned their encampment -
Huts on the Anacostia Marshes.

In 1932 - an election year - "Depressive"
Conditions had become desperate. Herbert
Hoover a candidate for re-election.

The President, once famous as "Ford
Administrator" for the War, appeared
apathetic, paralyzed, when confronted
with an "emergency" at home and in
a "free" country. Fortunately, food
was plentiful and "Dust Clouds" despite
Dust storms in the "Bread Basket" of
America - Kansas.

New York financiers seemed helpless
because of financial shock - J.P. Morgan
of Morgan Company bankers - first to
extend loans to "the allies," because of
personal losses in stocks, paid no
income tax in 1932.

They say the Lion and the Lizard Keep
The Courts where Jamsyd gloried and
Drank Deep;

And Bahram the Wild ass
Stamps o'er his head but cannot
Wake his Sleep - Rubaiyat.

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For several years, there were no strikes or other "labor" disturbance; the unemployed exceeding those who held jobs at a dollar per day and upwards.

Many large fortunes were formed by those who either held on to stocks and bonds in their possession or bought at a few cents on the dollar "gut-edged" securities - even "Liberty" bonds exchanging ownership at eighty or less - Cash offer.

My modest personal "play" on a depressed market, Silver at 25 cents per ounce, as related heretofore and at length. (Montgomery Ward Stock would have been better at four dollars a share, or Anaconda Copper (three dollars), et cetera.

"God pity the rich; the Poor can work," as intoned by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, before the war (1914).

Throughout the "Depressive years," I continued busy in practice as usual, though cash income reached a near vanishing point. In the year 1932 I Carig had been an alternate Delegate at the Convention in Houston, Texas, 1928) achieved a total cash income of eight hundred dollars, on which I was expected to maintain my household (a cook, colored) Rent an office, maintain a Model A Ford and dispense medicines; also hold my gun well as possible in the regular Saturday night poker game in the Silvers. Net result Naturally, was a debt of

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two thousand dollars, interest bearing -
by borrowing on life insurance, (United
States Government bonds.)

Fortunately, Norman was at Long
Island in the army in Honolulu - not
as an officer; and Jean in training
at Joseph's Hotel, Baltimore, therefore
self-sustaining for the most part.

Card playing, soon abandoned, for
good and sufficient reasons. Though
practiced as a diversion - mainly - since
the war period - 1917.

For a time the small cash ~~was~~
may have had in bank was doled out
to depositors - the so-called "Bank Holiday" -
could business and financial integrity
reach a lower stage of degradation?

President Hoover - a vastly over-
rated man - was duly swept from
his perch in 1932, and March 1, 1933,
President Franklin Delano Roosevelt
began his long reign - another story.

Sister Anna's husband, Frank Benick
Hunter, died in April, 1932, having
been executive Vice-President and Cashier
of the Bank of Marlinton since its founding
Autumn of 1899. His age 72 years.

My parents buried sleep with his father
in the cemetery Old Time Church, Lewisburg.
Age and illness coming on, several months
before, and preferring to end his days
"from a stormy life, unblest" at this home

of his elder brother Carter Hunter,
Sweet Springs, Virginia. - the home place
at one time jointly owned by the
brothers and a sister, Mrs. Traubman.
Our parents long dead - Pa in
January, 1921, and Ma January, 1924.

In the year 1932, or about, Mrs.
Anna V. Hunter began a long career
in Building and Business promotions
extending to the present, a period of
nearly or quite thirty years -
Quite remarkable in their extent
and variety - at times even spectacular.
A portion of this mighty work I will
later refer to, briefly. Another story.

In August, 1932, I first was affected by
a troublesome and unsightly skin
inflammation, resistant to the usual
remedies, and affecting only the
face and hands, even the scalp.
This I correctly diagnosed as "Allergy"
but resistant to usual remedies. As is
often the case, medicines recommended
and tried only increased discomfort
and therefore harmful. Shaving
was difficult, and I even tried
growing a beard.
I had used tobacco habitually

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Time the war period (1917) and in
desperation, after attempting dieting,
abruptly ceased smoking. Almost
immediately the deep lesions on face
and hands lessened. By good
fortune the sedimentary deposits
of the Sweet Chalybeate Spring
was applied freely, with almost
instant relief and quickly healed.

The value of this "Healing
Spray" has been known from
the earliest times. Traditionally
known to "the Indians", who
applied the mud freely for sores
(including small pox), also wounds
and Burns, - in the latter quite
effective. Among other contents
the water carries in solution and
deposited as a reddish sediment
on the stones, Iron, Sulphur
and elements.

I am still "allergic" to tobacco,
therefore only occasionally smoke a
"Ceremonial Cigarette", as did the
people who discovered and used
tobacco - the American Indians.

Addiction to the Poison tobacco is
world-wide, and abandonment of a
Needless habit necessarily slow.

Wednesday 45-0

2/10/60 - 5 A.M.

Mild - cloudy - awoke
at 4 am. Because of an open epidermis
some color remains in leucoderma and moribundity -
The autumn was unusually heavy -
Spring not far behind.

More about the "Allergic" Dermatitis of
the Summer 1932 - 1933. In 1916 I first observed
patches of leuco-derma on neck and
hands, a phenomenon frequently seen in
the Negro race, when it may be spectacular,
- a colored boy turning white. In my case
especially noticeable during summer tan
by contrast. During the years following
after quitting tobacco the leuco-derma
cleared with return of normal tint to the
skin of hands and facial parts.

Unquestionably, this was the type of
skin discoloration of which Cleopatra,
the French War Minister, was sensitive,
causing him always to appear in public
wearing gray silk gloves.

The Napoleonic "Fily" has been
commented on at length in the section of
"Diseases of the great," and the peculiar
end affects of infections which have
degraded humanity in all ancient and
Modern times.

In his valuable book "May the Unknown";
Dr. Alexis Carroll exerted the resources of
an enlightened, imaginative, intuitive mind.
- but did not solve the riddle - himself dying

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before the allotted three score and ten.
from heart failure; perhaps Cancer.
He may have used tobacco; undoubtedly
used much animal fat in his diet (Carnibalistic)
and did not till the soil. Moreover, I
find little evidence in his "intuitionist" work
of interest in evolution of the soul, or spirit.
Nevertheless his life work and writings
added to the sum of human knowledge,
even wisdom, therefore valuable; good to read.

The Arabians say that Abdul Khair,
-the mystic, and Abu al Siyana, the
philosopher, conferred together; and on
parting the philosopher said, "all that
he sees, I know; and the mystic said,
"all that he knows, I see." (Intuition)!

The wisdom of the East (Yogi of
India) offers ^{at least} a solution of human life,
and destiny in the theory of reincarnation
of souls. More than is offered
(solutions) by the West.

"God is a Spirit; and they that
worship him must worship him in spirit
and in truth." - John vi

All flesh is as grass; in the morning it
is green and groweth up; in the evening
it is cut down and withereth.

"METEMPSYCHOSIS" - the word used to describe
transmigration of the soul.

Early Dental Practice.

At nine years there was decay of the "permanent" teeth, with severe toothache principally afflicting the ~~the~~ lower six-year molars. I have related visiting Dentist Puritz in August, 1885, and, having two molars drawn, endured stoically without a cry; never after having such toothache as before removal of the two molars. No local or other anesthetic was used in this extraction, or any antiseptic. Succeedence observed, other than rinsing the mouth with water.

Dr. Puritz was a skilled artisan who made "dentures." A complete set, upper and lower fitted for my mother about 1880 of such excellence worn all her remaining years until her death in 1924.

The set of teeth probably complimentary to the family of the local Minister. In any event not more than twenty dollars.

The wife of a "Peasant," - (Reliepers) lately passed to me, she had four hundred dollars worth of dentures in her mouth.

At age sixty I had lost all the remaining teeth, nearly all extracted by my own hand and without local anesthetic. Unquestionably, the after effects are better, with less bleeding - or post-extraction pain.

I have never had fitted, or used "Dentures." I have enjoyed ~~excellent~~ a good appetite and excellent digestion, subsisting on suitable foods - largely vegetarian, together with eggs and dairy products, and for

He may part doing my own cooking.
 For aesthetic reasons, I prefer to dine
 alone; likewise avoid public banquets, or
 even routine eating in "Restaurants".
 Cosmetically, Facial Mobilities largely
 a subject to control, thus avoiding
 muscular atrophy; it is possible to
 smile without grimacing, and the "social
 laugh" betrays the vacant mind. Facial
 Massage helps.

Not being cannibalistic, an eater of meat
 and animal blood. Canine and the molars
 of a horse not needed.

Of a horse Peter of Russia called the "Great,"
 is said to have habitually dined alone
 at a square table. Perhaps his teeth
 were bad - or absent.

General George Washington often
 ate in private. Certainly did not appear
 at banquets. He had difficulty
 in getting properly fitting "dentures";
 once he used a pair connected, but
 upper and lower, by springs.

At age seventeen I was concerned
 to find decay in upper incisors, also
 cavities in bicuspids and molars.

At that time (1892) the only resident
 dentist (not in active practice) Dr. Exbridge
 at Hillsboro.

It was customary travelling dentists
 to visit the County and set up offices
 for a few weeks, usually in private
 houses or inns. Such a one was

D. James H. Weymouth, whose home was in Elkins. He usually located for practice at the home of Mr. Clark Kellison Day Branch of Lugo Creek, a home noted for hospitality and good living.

Clark Kellison had served in General Philip Sheridan's Cavalry in the War (1861); afterwards in Indian fighting, and roundups on the plains - a "Regular" of the 7th Cavalry. (A Battalion of the Seventh was wiped out under Colonel Custer in 1872.) - the so-called "Custer Massacre."

I have talked with Mr. Kellison at some length. It was evident that some reminiscences of the war were distasteful to him; the burn and home burning and driving off of livestock, the women and children, the wholesale subsisting on rabbits and such nuts, berries and such as the woods and fields afforded. He once stated, with emphasis that General Philip Sheridan was "a very bad man."

Sheridan's Army, in burning and desolating the Valley of Virginia in 1864, effectually cut off the principal source of supply for the Confederate Army.

A recent book "Appomattox" is a vivid biography of Philip Sheridan, the Genghis Khan of the War (1864). A bachelor, and a "loose liver" through life; black Irish; short in stature; a general

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Who exposed himself in the front of
battle, moving at a hand gallop.
He once described the ideal cavalryman
of the period as eighteen to twenty-four
years of age, light in weight, not married,
and properly reckless.

In July, 1896, while in Washington, on
being examined for the Medical Reserve
Corps, U.S. Army, I visited the Arlington
National Cemetery. In a section
reserved for officers I observed the grave
of Thurman, which is on the slope
before the Mansion House. Marked by
a small marble stone, the scene remains
in memory.

On the day of death I was called
to visit Clark Kellison, his age about
seventy, ~~the year 1912~~. He had
suffered an attack of "Heart block,"
and died, the month of October, 1912.

He was a just man, industrious and
respected. His wife had died from
a cancerous affection ten years before,
and Mr. Kellison had married again,
a lady from Harrison County, not
too young.

Vaya Cen Dies -

Dr. Weymouth, the Dentist, a man of weight
and stature, native of Randolph County,
had served in the war, probably in
state troops. When I visited him, at
the home of Mr. Kellison autumn of 1891

I found him at leisure. He received me kindly and consented to work on my teeth immediately. I was nearly seventeen; had appeared voluntarily at the Doctor-Dentist's office, not previously consulting my parents. Without any money of my own, if a bill was rendered my father I have no knowledge of it.

Dr. Weymouth expertly filled several missing and bicuspid teeth with gold, of which I was very proud.

Dr. William Campbell ~~visited~~ of Monterey, Virginia, also visited Martins in the 1890's, the village still without a resident dentist. A Lindey, Irish man, also a Confederate veteran, he ~~also~~ made extensive repairs on molar teeth, probably without charge to Pa, as a Minuteman he had known in his youth.

From an early day Country doctors were expected to extract teeth and supplied with necessary forceps, though not trained to the business.

Brother James in practice had become an expert tooth drawer, and observing his techniques, and supplied with both "upper" and "lower" instruments, I soon became more than usually skilled in pulling teeth. Continued over a

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Period of many years. Twenty-five
Cents per tooth was the standard fee, and
the operation done without either local
or general anesthesia. Occasionally
a "Nervous Nellie" - male or female -
required Chloroform for Mass extractions.

It will be readily seen the extraction
of painful, ulcerated and infected teeth,
indiscriminately, was important in the
prior history, long before resident
dentists were available in our County,
with all the refinements of the Profession -
Dr. ("Cedarail") George Ervine.

John Wesley Ervine and George Ervine
(brothers) resided and reared families
in the rich Verdant Valley, north of
Marlinton, following the War (1861) in
which both had served with irregular
troops in Western Virginia, C.S. Army.
George Wesley Ervine, the elder,
is said to have habitually carried
his Mountain rifle, on foot or on
horse, for many years following
the war, as though still expecting
separals. (He may have been prepared
to kill any wild game encountered.)
His son, the excellent Dr. Ervine
past & present, lives in Marlinton now.

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in his dotage; rather unusually
alert, cheerful and firm, as one who
looks forward to joining his beloved
"Blanche" "in the air." Very deaf
and almost blind - totally blind from
an early injury to one eye, wears
neither hearing aid or glasses.
Yet walks as one assured of the way.

Joe Ervine has worn his "bachelors
night-cap" plaid for all his
eighty years. For many years he
worked as surveyor's assistant to the
Calle County Surveyor, Adam Baxter,
and himself has a working knowledge
of the surveyor's art.

Referring to difficulties offered
surveyors by the steep, rocky
hills of the Arthrop Creek and
Eastern Pocahontas County generally,
Joe once quoted to me something
about "the Redicks of Hell" of the
region - with apology for the
"profanity!"

Joe Ervine and Min Blanche Dean
of ~~Arthrop~~ Cochrans Creek, kept steady
company for forty years - a union
of souls - Min Dean has recently
died, leaving her small property to
Friend Joe, who has published
some creditable memorial verses to
his beloved. Page 101 Divs.

45-9
Dr. George Irvine and his excellent
wife Mary reared a large family
on his portion of ancestral land in the
Verdant Valley high on the slope of the
"Sleeping Hill", adjoining the extensive
Jacob Murphy, Sr. lands. Two of the sons
~~with native genius~~ remained bachelors
through life, living and dying on the
home farm.

With native genius, Dr. Irvine early gave
study herb medication and surgery,
without benefit of the schools. His
researches resulted in the "Discovery"
of Cedar oil, not previously recognized
in botanical medicine, and for many
years prepared and sold "Cedar oil"
in a watery solution, especially for
tooth-ache. As the Cedar tree is
not native here, the Doctor made
journeys to Eastern Virginia for stumps
and coats of the tree from which he
distilled a tar of execrable acrid
taste; offered for sale in discarded
"Extract" bottles in 25 and 50 ct sizes.
The production and sale of Cedar
oil late 19th Century, required long
absences from home and farm, leading
to a somewhat nomadic life, traveling
by horse cart, or Murphy wagon.
In late middle life Dr. and Mrs. Irvine

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lived apart. The Doctor was "sustained
by an unwavering faith" and impoverished
because of the loss of a hand and deafness.
Unworthy of his excellent family heritage,
of strong-minded, he early developed
skill in drawing teeth, expertly using
a single straight small straight forceps,
seen by me some years before his death
in 1913 was devoid of vital power
and blackened by use. With this
single instrument he had extracted
thousands of teeth.

An old man, occasionally seen riding
a lean, spavined black horse, perhaps
leading or driving an emaciated, aged
cow for trading purposes, the Doctor's
end was not peace. His body was
found on the log railway track on
Anthony's Creek, apparently killed and
dragged by ~~an engine~~ a log train.
Foul play was suspected, the body
having lain for some time, and badly
decomposed.

Placed in a home-made coffin,
in ragged and torn clothing the body
was brought to the Sharp Cemetery
Verdant Valley, for burial. A related
autopsy was demanded by sons of the
dead man, and I was summoned
to the Cemetery on a Sunday to view
body before placing in the grave.

Monday.

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21st Feb - 4 am. The "Deep" snow -
about 6 inches at Marlinton. Feb-13, remains
frozen - the night cold - near zero -
Arose at 3 am - to inspect the pluming,
which is intact. A warming stove (Fell
Feb 12) sitting 6.30 am - over Price Hill.
Feb. 14 (Sunday) Spent before the open
fire, and in shoe paper and Myler in the
open air. Walked to the office and Post office.
A letter from Jean dated 11th - I wrote her
on the 12th of February.

Viewing the body of Dr. George Erwin,
badly decomposed and in its coffin beside
the open grave, I could learn little
as to cause of death, presumably that of an
Aged Man, about eighty, Mauled by a
logging train, afterwards found on the
track, although the train crew had observed
nothing.

Acting as Physician - Coroner, my
decision was that death was probably
due to being knocked down and sent
dropped by the train, the time of death
unknown, but evidently some days
before. No objections being offered
the body was buried the dead from
the death was buried from our sight -
"Antcasts always Mourn."

Aged Hatter, gray and grim,
Here is custom come your ways
Take my ~~best~~ and lead him in,
Stuff his ribs with Moldy Hay.

Feb 11/1920

Dr. Ervine would recite on a passing
verse in couplets describing his profession
as botanist, Surgeon and tooth Drawer.
New lines added as desired, endlessly:

"Old George Ervine full teeth free;
Here's eighteen he drew for me."

"I pulled her teeth with never a groan,
And then she baked me a sweetened Pone."

(~~And~~ infinites) & St. Clare, ad infinitum.

A scene in the life of this old man remains
vividly in memory.

~~But~~ I encountered him on the road, a
year before his death, riding his spavined
~~mare~~ and driving a cow on a rope, the
cow ~~beast~~ exhibiting ~~at~~ a large and repulsive
tumor on the jaw, evidently Anthrax,
or "Fungus jaw". It was plain the
Doctor proposed to treat ^{the} animal surgically,
or ~~tooth~~ teeth "Cedar oil", - his universal
remedy, and so condition ^{her} for the market.
A striking tableau of age, Weakness
and ~~disease~~ in man and beast.

"Who knoweth the spirit of a man
that goeth upward; ~~or~~ the spirit of a
beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

George Ervine never exhibited ^{Proverb}
of a drunkard and a dope. With a natural
bent for medicine and Surgery, his error
was to ~~lose~~ ^{lose} the easy way, as he saw it,
for the ~~practice~~ irregular practice - quackery.

Tuesday - 2/16/60 463
5-AM - Clear, Cold - Near Zero.

Breezes, north-west, north
and North East - Most severe, with much
snow, of the winter.

The Philosopher, Immanuel Kant, as an
aged man and recluse, was wont to remark
(to himself) especially when seeking repose,
'How Comfortable I am!' He died at
eighty-two, active in body and mind until
a ~~few~~ years before death.

A feature of the John Wesley Grove farm
foot of Slippery Hill is a depression, or
"bowl" of several acres, very fertile.
Traditionally, good grass and had has
grown in the bowl for one and a half
centuries, without rotation of crops or
fertilization, other than drifting surface
soil from the higher hills.

There is no outlet, nor does water
accumulate in this bowl. Quite evidently
there are subterranean caverns or
caves, (limestone) in this region.

A somewhat similar formation at
the "Rorer Place" on Red Lick Mountain,
is known from the earliest days as
"Tallow Hill." The origin of these
place names is obvious. Due to the
'greasy ground' of steep alluvial time-
stone when clanked for grass.

Verdant Valley once famous for the
enormous growth and size of its ~~white~~ oak.

(Especially Red oak), Maple, Sugar and Poplar trees; "Washed" by the pioneer settlers William and Jacob Warlock Sharp and permitted to thus die and decay, as 'Clearings'.

A tract of about twenty acres 'Virgin' white oak forest remains on the portions of William Sharp land, owned by the late Mrs. Catherine Mary-Barlowe. This forest surrounds the Sharp family Cemetery, and was still intact at the year of death of this estimable lady (the widow of Neal Barlowe) in 1956) when last observed by this writer, and admired ~~by me~~ when often passing on frequent journeys to the Poores Lane and Clover Creek regions.

Two sons of Dr. George and Mary Irvine lived their lives (unmarried) but in some places ~~tutoring~~ though ~~not~~ ~~illiterate~~, usually employed as laborers on the farms of neighbors.

The death of Edward, about fifty years of age, in 1935, was tragic. The brothers were returning from work on the higher portion of their land, ~~they~~ George observed a large flat stone suitable for a door-step ~~at the home~~. and ~~began to~~ roll it down hill.

The elder brother was some distance ahead of George and did not observe the rolling stone bounding in great leaps, and, ~~was struck so~~ with the "Perseus of the West," was struck squarely below the right shoulder-blade, with fracture of several ribs, extensive lacerations, and concealed hemorrhage in the pleural cavity. A large, heavy ~~load~~, he was knocked or shoved ~~a hard fall~~ down hill. Falling hard-

with ~~the~~ stoical indifference of ~~frontiers~~ for bodily injury, little was done by the brothers for the severely injured man, and several days went by before I was summoned to attend him at his home; when a neighbor ~~summoned me~~ (Mr. Neal Barlow) who saw the injury and complications were serious.

Note: I can well understand the type of endurance in bodily injury practiced by those living in primitive surroundings, having survived without serious injury, ~~often~~ ~~several~~ wounds, bruises and putrefying sores - without benefit of surgery, other than first aid.

Climbing the Slippery Hill, on foot, from the old Wesley Drive Place, I found the patient in extremis; Traumatic pneumonia and septic infection, from lacerations puncturing the lung, the Pleural Cavity.

Filled with Blood clots. Little could be done by way of treatment medical treatment; and Edward Bruce died on the seventh day following his injury.

Afterwards I was called to attend the brother George, in July, 1937, when struck by lightning, the only case of injury by a "fire ball" I have seen. ~~At the time~~ I have seen that the electric current, or bolt, goes upward from the earth, and not ^{down} from the clouds, as I ~~supposed~~ thought.

At the time George Grime, Jr., was employed as farm hand on Cousin John Pooge's Pooge Lane, in Hurvost. A storm came up and George took refuge from rain under a large Red Oak, knocked out by the electric shock and when found was thought to be fatally injured. He had carried a gun to the field to shoot groundhogs, and held it in his hand. The gun was scored and bent, but may have served to conduct the current away. The sole of a heavy shoe, studded with nails, torn from the upper part, and blown from his foot. A red mark about one inch in width from sole of foot to upper thigh, where there was an exploding wound of exit, apparently.

When I arrived the injured man was able to stand up, and recovered from shock,

Sitting permanent injury, although the
patient ascribed the preceding illnesses
and weaknesses as ~~beginning~~ initially
having begun by being struck by lightning.
Injury to the brain being by lightning
is an awesome thing, but comparatively
rare. More frequently animals taking
refuge from rains under trees are
killed; possibly reported, though I have
never seen the body of an animal thus killed.

Friday (2/19/60). Ten days of wide-brand
snows and cold. Feb. 13. (Saturday) Sub-
Zero - the coldest of the winter; an eight-
inch snow, at Marlinton; again on the 18th
seven inches. (February 2, 1960, clear
throughout).

"If Columbus Day be clear and bright
winter will take another flight"
Deep snows and cold waves reported from
the north-west and north-east, and extending
to Florida and Texas.

"All bitter chill it was, the awe for all his
feathers, was a-cold;

The hare limped trampling through
the frozen grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

— The Eve of St Agnes
(Wordsworth).

Saturday - 2/20/6⁴⁶⁸ Cold; rising winds.
4 am - arose at 4, by part to
replenish fires and prevent freezing water.
Electric service crippled; the linemen and
electrician - and road crew - working
day and night.

The McCloud (McLeod) Clan.

Mary, daughter of Dr. George Ervine, much
resembled her mother, also named Mary.
First married William McCloud (McLeod)
and bore twelve children, the large
family noted for Native intelligence and
industry. Though not a "Landed"
family, each, usually, has acquired a
small farm, or a house, to which they
have clung tenaciously, in which to carry
on the simple life of living.

After the death of Bill McCloud - in
early middle life, Mrs. Mary Ervine-McCloud
married Anthony Dominice, a native of Italy,
and they both live, past eighty years, in
their own house on Carrick Ridge, Big
Run, near the site of the one-time
"Italian Settlement," of which more will be
written. Mr. Dominice lost a leg a few
years ago from a circulatory ailment.

A good woman, Mrs. Dominice has
showered members of the McCloud Clan
when misfortune has overtaken any,
notably Mrs. Virginia Dille who tragic
life has recently ended - by a stroke - Paralysis

Virginie & Cloud

~~Marriage~~ ~~daily~~ 469

An unusually handsome, buxom Woman
of a pure Scotch type, she in early life
parted from a "a good husband," because
of human frailty and perversity. Her
former husband, Russell Dille, was again
married, and has recently died.
For more than fifty years Mrs. Mary
Dominici has been my loyal friend;
and by nature and inheritance kindly,
poised, and courageous through thick
and thin. Vaya con Dios.

Italian settlement at Big Run

Patsy Anastasio and his wife Anita in
youth emigrated from Italy to America.
Far above average Italian peasantry, devout
Catholics, intelligent and handsome in person.
By industry and thrift a family was
reared - American born - and Pat Ma-
Anastasio became a minor contractor of
Railroad track building; rearing the
family on an "Italian" standard of
living; - and better.

At about fifty years, Mr. and Mrs.
Anastasio had saved some money.
They decided to settle down and dreamed
of founding a "settlement," where retired
people with a chapel of their faith,
where far removed from the customs of
a strange land they might end their
days in peace and plenty.
Land was bought at Big Run
and "Carroll Ridge," recent site of a
Lawn-Mill, near the Railroad at one mile

below Clover Lick - 470

It is interesting to recall that Jeremiah O'Fall, Bond-man and kinsman of Jacob Warwick, in the 18th Century and ancestor of the O'Fall relationship, who, according to Price County History, settled first on "Carroll Ridge" on land given him by Jacob Warwick.

In line with the standard of Italian Peasantry the well watered land looked good, though not up to the standard American standard of what makes good farm land, being rocky ridges with a predominantly northern exposure. Neither did the Greenbrier Valley possess the genial climate of the Mediterranean, an inland sea, on whose shores ~~ancient~~ ^{ancient} civilizations have arisen in ancient times.

However, rapid progress was made at Big Run; saw-mill shacks converted into comfortable houses, and native stone used freely in Italian architecture of a peasant type or style. Good water and fuel was abundant. By patient labor a mile-long road was dug out up Big Run and Carroll Ridge - steep - but passable for a Ford Car. I have driven to Big Run in my car many times. At the time, I was impressed by the

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Intelligence and dignity shone by Mrs. and Mrs. Anastasio as they labored in middle age to construct a little home. A flock of milk goats had been added to their live stock, and once when detained at Big Run, the only time I have fed on goats milk, which is excellent.

My hosts were unlearned in bookish lore, but rich in living, word travel and good sense - written in their remembered faces. Mrs. Anti, especially, had a truly Madonna-like face, in late middle life. The marks of getting and giving had gone, leaving beauty and benevolence.

"Big Run" was not to endure for long. In the 1930's the auto age in America ~~was~~ had got going, and the second generation, took to second hand machines enthusiastically, with the usual result - idleness, extravagance and debt.

Some integration of the younger set with a predominantly Protestant people bewildered the Anastasios Elder Anastasios - devout Catholics.

The times hard; plagued by debts incurred for autos by the sons, "Patsy" Anastasio shot and killed himself. His body rests on Cemetery Ridge, marked by a handsome inlaid plastic Holy Cross, along with several of his family and country-men. Vaya Con Dios.

Archaeologists. Life-time study of the stone remains, burial places, and way of life of a most interesting, vanished, race. I was later to find among a heap of field stones on the River bank a dozed or more "Celts" which may have been collected in my grand-parents time, and needlessly discarded in "cleansing house" after his death.

Well Dennis Haury Price was not interested in Indian Relics - "sharp teeth" I also searched for "fossils" - "sharp teeth" and "acorns". The late Andrew Haiman, who lived on the old field fork of Elk, and Joseph McNeill, of Bucks Run, generously gave many specimens; Indian stone relics as well.

At the James Sharp Spring, on the Jericho Road at Green Hill, there is plain evidence of a "flint" quarry. - Flint nodules scattered from exposed limestone ledges. In the nearby fields heaps of flint "shells" and implements - for the most part broken, and while being fashioned, have been exposed by the plow.

The Sharp boys, Elmer and their sisters Mrs Talbert Sharp and Mrs. Harvey Bright, traded me many a relic from this ancient quarry and encampment - a mound once ~~buried~~ ^{was} near-by, which was partly leveled when the Jericho road was graded, early 19th Century. It was at top of hill near the Adam Moore house.

My attention ^{called (474)} to the Jericho Road Mound
~~being called to my attention by the late~~
William B. Johnston, I at once dug a
trench through a portion remaining at
the road-side. Only the usual signs
of cremation-burial at the ancient
ground level - a strata of ashes
judged by the quantity of ashes and
burned earth remaining, ~~that~~ a lot of wood
had burned.

I still possess a large number of fine
stone-age specimens, to be carefully
preserved by posterity, or deposited if they
be in the ~~Lewisburg Museum~~ Greenbrier
Valley Museum, at Lewisburg, W. Va.
Among the collection of exceptional
interest a partly broken war club head
of Hematite "Venez" - the broken part
exposing a water-worn pebble of the
Cretaceous or Medusa period, about $1\frac{1}{2}$
by 3 inches, overlaid with one-quarter
inch ~~thick~~ Hematite (Iron oxide);
to be ~~later~~ found by a stone-age
man and adapted to his use in
war and the chase.

It is quite evident that the warrior's
ancient owner was unaware of what
lay at the core of his implement -
unless broken while in use. The specimen
is of the greatest interest and value both
from a geologic and ethnologic ~~view~~ view.

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Hematite was a favorite material
utilized also for ornamental tokens -
and ground with oil for ~~skin~~ ^{face} paint -
The Conical stones of iron oxide
or "Paint Stones" are well known -
Presumably, ever warrior and hunter was
supplied with a paint rock.

My library once contained a complete
set of handsome, profusely illustrated,
Reports of the ~~American~~ ^{Bureau of Ethnology}
Period 1885-1900, when the Bureau
was under the excellent Major J. W.
Powell as Director.

Major Powell lost an arm as a
Northern Veteran of the War (1861) -
It is quite evident - aside from his
position as Director of the Bureau, -
that he had intense interest in
Archaeology. He is also remembered as
the first to ~~discover~~ ^{explore} Canyon of the Colorado
River in Arizona, by a perilous trip
through the mile-deep crevasse.

Though I never met Major Powell,
I considered him a personal friend,
who never failed to respond to my
annual request for a copy of the
Reports. More and other historical
and geographic volumes, are now in the
Library of the University at Morgantown
W. Va. for safe keeping.

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Wednesday - 2/24/60 - Three deep snow and
4.50 out. Temp - zero, at times, February
12-24, 1960. Milder; but mud snow remains.
The rising sun near the base of Marble
Mountains; sitting far beyond the Kee Knot
of Buck's Mountain.

A heavy package; two dozen, "Blood"
Oranges received from Mrs. Lillian Minnie Lewis-
Gree, ~~Box 66-M~~ Route 2, Box 66-M - Chandler,
Arizona - (Postage \$1.40). Mention has
been made of a similar package sent by
Norman, December, 1959. It contained also
fruits and commissary goods - the postage,
alone, about equals the value of the ration.
All very good, perhaps, as a gesture, but
impractical - expensive - and fruit perishable.

I would prefer that neither had done this.
Both Norman and Lillian (Minnie) are
employed in the public schools of Arizona.
Probably as efficient as most, as both have
scholastic credits from the University of Tucson.

Norman an alcoholic, with twenty years
service with the "forces" as enlisted man,
~~and now commissary sergeant~~ and may yet
be afflicted with drinking bouts - I do not
know.

Lillian - about fifty - "schizophrenic";
with homicidal tendencies - judging from
eccentricities exhibited over a long term of years.
She and Norman were married in
Honolulu - (California) about 1936.

In psychiatry, schizophrenia has many
shades of meaning applied to mentality and
human behavior. It is frequently observed
in recent times - in the United States of America!

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The uses of some Stone age implements are not much explained in the literature; the discoidal stones of hematite, referred to by me as "paint rocks," not so called in ethnologic nomenclature. As a matter of fact, no description is attempted as to the probable use of this most interesting artifact.

Differing explanations are offered as to the meaning of the Discoidal stones, of which fragments are frequently met with by antiquarians, though whole specimens are rare. I possess a fragment of one fashioned from quartz, ~~stone~~, but most are made of ~~stone~~ fine greenish sandstone. Of a uniform size, about three inches in diameter by one inch thickness, with a central perforation, the implement fits snugly in the palm of my hand.

There is no question in my mind the stone was used to reduce to meal parched corn and other seeds and nuts, ~~which~~ away from camp or village, and the usual mortar of wood and pestle of stone not available.

The Stone age man developed through many generations a high degree of skill chipping arrow and spear heads from flint, Jasper, Agate, Obsidian and even quartz, although the process differed in no respect from the early chipping of gun-flints used in fire-arms before the discovery of percussion caps.

As a child, my early preference for a "primitive" way of life has been referred

to in this memoir⁴⁷⁸, and which fitted in well
enough with the deprivations of the pioneer
family life on the frontier, late 19th Century,
with my cherished 'Drop of Indian blood',
~~and~~ early cultivated, quite successfully,
a real or assumed indifference to physical
pain, as in wounds or even drawing
teeth, which has endured through life -
- an ordeal by fire, if necessary -

"A Hero of the woods;
A man without a fear."

- Campbell's "Last Man"

The driving out of the Eastern Indians from
Appalachian by the white man, is comparable
to the ~~conquest~~ ^{conquest} of Canaan, across the River
Jordan, by the Israelites ~~bagging~~ under
Joshua, and ~~that~~ that continued over
a long term of years -

"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass;
And as thy days; so shall thy strength be."
- Blessing of Moses, Deut xxxiii

"Be strong and of a good courage, for
unto this people shalt thou divide for an
inheritance the land. Only be thou
strong and very courageous" - Joshua iii

The ancient Ananites (Moorites, Kittites,
Iberites, and so on) had a warlike
qualities also; an agricultural people,

Living in walled cities
like the original cities
before around the
wall. The original cities
were around the wall.
The original cities were
around the wall.

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His growing family. After a time
 the Fingers family returned to the
 "Civilization Cities" and with Keel
 liquidation of "Little Blue Boats"
 about 1940. I heard no more of an
 author I liked. His style is excellent,
 and while not psychoplastic in writing
 of eminent men and women, ancient
 and modern, does full justice to all.

That he admired those of whom he
 wrote is proven by the fact that he
 studied their lives to begin with.

Probably, in the course of human events
 Charles James Fingers' spirit has joined
 the innumerable host in the air - "Tito
 at wine with the Muses Nine" - ~~Vaya Con Dios~~.
 Not forgetting Waldeman - Julius and
 Ed Howe, of Kansas: "Their spirits
 purged of pride, because they died; -
 They prove the worth of their bays."
 Vaya Con Dios.

John McNeel - Little Level
 (1844 - 1826)

The interesting life of this early pioneer of
 the Little Level, and his descendants is well
 written of in Price's History of Frederick County
 (1901) In which it is hinted that young
 McNeel at about twenty years fled from
 Frederick County to the wilderness
 because of a ~~mob~~ duel or shooting.

Thought

Scrape, his life threatened, because his opponent supposed to be fatally wounded. Names and other details not known to history. Permit me to write that early Pioneers could well have followed old Testament example and supplied Names and Details of the loves and hates of ancestors unnamed. It is told the wounded or wounded duelist recovered, and after a time returned. Young McNeil returned to Frederick County, married Martha Davis, Wash immigrant, Army and Dymie (1886). Near the bold spring where McNeil's first camp was located in our County. Both lie buried on the elevated knoll, McNeil Cemetery, their graves marked by flat, elevated lettered slabs, the work of Thomas Bruffery, of Brufferys Creek.

Jacob Warwick and John McNeil were contemporaries. The years of their birth (1844) and deaths (1826) being the same, or nearly so. Both bore rifles in Gen. Andrew Lewis Army that assembled at Leesburg, 1774, and marched to Point Pleasant to fight a bloody Indian Battle with allied Indian tribes, under command of Supreme Chief Cornstalk. As before stated in this memoir, my

418
Paternal Ancestor Jacob Warwick,
as Contractor - Indian Scout and fighter,
drove his own troop to supply the
Army of about twelve hundred men -
commanding a squad of herdsman in
his employ, who were also armed
men and prepared to fight, which
they effectually did in a plausible
attack on the day of battle, Oct. 10, 1794.

It is plausible that money earned
in this rugged manner in part was
applied buying more land of the
vast estate of Grandfather Jacob
Warwick, in three adjoining Counties
Bath, Pocahontas and Randolph - His
holdings - I am pleased to repeat -
included the 640 acres at Merlins
Bottom, wedding portions of my
great-grandmother, Nancy - Gatewood-
Poage, whose grave is in the Poage
Cemetery, Hamiltons field.

The John McNeel line for two
hundred years large landed
Proprietors; his grandson Colonel
Paul McNeel, associated with -
William Admistrors and John Yeager
located and pre-empted the vast
"Wilderness Country," rich in coal,
timber and wild game, later known
as the B. & O. Lands, in these Counties.

But in land-owning Jacob Warwick
 exceeded his comrade John McNeel;
 his advantage born in what is now
 Pocahontas County, at ~~Summers~~ ⁽¹⁸⁷⁴⁻¹⁸⁸⁴⁾ named
 for Gov. Lord Sumner) and interesting,
 to begin with, more than almost from
 his birth, more than fifty thousand
 acres, patented by his father, a Crown
 officer named J. Warwick, as attested
 in my paternal ancestry Memoirs.
 In writing of the John McNeel line
 I am to some extent, ^{more} to rescue from
 what appears to be partial oblivion
 the name of Lt. Colonel John Osborne
 McNeel, M.C., U.S. Army (1905-1955)
 Reserve Corps. (1942 (1941) Reserve

Born at Mill Point, on ancestral lands,
 eldest of three sons of John Lanty McNeel,
 and Grace Wilson-McNeel, his father,
 late President of the Bank of Marlinton;
 and nephew of McNeel John McNeel,
 (Capt. C.S. Army) and first President
 of the Bank of Marlinton, until his death
 in 1934, aged 94 years - a large
 landed proprietor. M. J. McNeel seemed
 destined to leave most of his wealth
 to great nephew John, himself being
 childless, - and so it proved.

Monday 1/4/1960 42°
5 am - Frosty - clearing - storm -
Blizzard in far west - Snow north and east.
Charles F. Frings "The Ice Age in America"
relates the scientific fact that "Heat is a
necessary precedent to the formation of ice."
- Supplying moisture - The phenomena of
a receding ice cap appearing in cycles of
about ten thousand years; hence a change
in climate.

I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The deaths you have died I have
watched beside,
And the lives you have lived are mine.

Three Physicians and Surgeons of more
than ordinary eminence and wealth,
and their wives, have worked and
had had their being in Marlinton in
recent years. I refer to Kenneth J.
Haurick, Mark L. Wilson and John
Osborne McNeil.

By Co-incidence all Three met
their future wives, employed as Nurses,
while the young physicians served
their internship years in Hospital
in New York, Baltimore and Charlottesville, Va.
All are dead, except K. J. Haurick, M.D.,
himself a broken man, aged and
disabled, Surgeon, and Mrs. John O.
McNeil.

As a son of Mrs. Portia Beatty Haurick
~~and~~ I have mentioned Dr. Haurick in this Memoir.

Wealth, acquired ⁴²¹ and inherited, while useful in the simple life of living, did not appear to lastingly benefit the lives of any.

In July 1903, Dr. Mark Wilson and ¹⁵ took the prescribed ~~examinatory~~ practice, in Charleston, and returned together to ~~Marlinton~~ Marlinton. Dr. Wilson engaged in the practice at Wildell for a year, where the Wilson Brothers operated a large sawmill industry. Soon tiring of the monotony of "Company Practice" in a wilderness, and possessed of ~~Money Means~~ means, and married, Dr. Wilson removed to Marlinton, in the course of years became prominent in business, President of a Lumber Company; also President of the First National Bank.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson built an elegant home on extensive elevated ground in the "Big Bend" of Knapps Creek, with a background of Hemlock Forest, Buckley Mountains.

Dr. Wilson also served as Mayor of Marlinton at his time a tunnel ~~flume~~ flume was constructed, complete with "water wheel" to elevate Creek water to tanks on Marlin Mountain.

Retiring and industrious but not especially prominent in public affairs, Dr. Mark Wilson died in 1955; aged 77 years, Mr. Wilson surviving with two sons and a daughter. Mrs. Glend Smith - (divorced.)

Let me say, if I seem to write of her
intimate details in the lives of contemporaries
it is because I consider them worthy of
a memorial; also to "point a moral
and adorn a tale". Otherwise, these
friends might be utterly forgotten, and
as though they had never been. Lived.

Mrs Martha Wilson an exemplary
house-keeper, landscaper, extensive
lawn and gardener, her interest thus-
wise principal patron of the Episcopal
Church, which numbered few members in
the Village - about the year 1912
she actively led a "Crusade" to
banish cows and other live stock from
the streets and commons of Washington,
many of whose "first citizens", my-
self included, kept a cow, depending
on commons for range - pasturage.

It required more than one ~~little~~
Annual Village election, with "Cow
Pasturage" the principal issue, before
sentiment was built up and a
majority returned, against it. To
the last, as a cow keeper, I was for
"Cows". But the gradual influx
of the more refined who objected, under-
standingly, to the useful cow least
leaving "Calling Cards" (dime) on
streets and side-walks, prevailed
and the milk-cow banished the city!

Thursday 1/5/1960 423
Hampshire
"The American Association for the Advancement
of Science" currently meeting in Chicago.
The Tribune is giving space to their
conclusions, which, together with its
individual foreign and domestic "News"
service, a feature of this great newspaper,
formerly owned and "run" by Colonel
Robert McCormick. I have been a
subscriber to its 6-day Weekly for
nearly forty years.

In the issue of January 1, 1960, of the
Tribune, Reporter Roy Gibsen quotes
Dr. Chauncy D. Leake, President of the
A.A.S., warning of the possibility of
a disastrous flood because imminent
melting of the Polar ice cap, preceded
by a "Change in Climate", caused
through retentions of the sun's heat
through accumulations of ~~diapogers~~
gas in the atmosphere. Carbon Dioxide.
The "Remedy", plant more trees
to absorb Dioxides, giving off oxygen.
Carbon dioxide

Following the death of Dr. Mark Wilson,
in 1955, Mrs. Wilson lived in retirement on
her estate until her violent death, in
1957 by gun-shot wound, of the body,
presumed to be ~~about~~ instantly fatal,
and accidental. Her death of this
Judged Premature

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~~The~~ cultivated and pious lady is regretted -
Vaya Con Dios.

For a period of about twenty years
Kenneth D. Hawrick was Chief physician
and Surgeon at the Vocational Memorial
Hospital, an institution as its name
indicates, built and effectively administered
(~~though~~ expensively) as a public trust.
Emerita Dr. Hawrick acquired a
large estate, including the Shearer
ranch of nearly one thousand acres, and
~~other~~ and continuing surgical practice
despite ~~infirmity~~ Maiming (Box-Ray) of
his fingers; himself undergoing surgery
in New York Hospital, several times.

Finally (1953) the County was
disturbed to learn ~~that~~ Surgeon Hawrick's
"license" ~~was~~ had been suspended by
the State Board of Health, because of
confessed drug addiction - Narcotics.

Public protest - extensive - of no
avail, and soon followed chaos.

The fine Mansion and lands liquidated
and Mrs Hawrick (also ~~an~~ addict) and
young son removed to Pittsburg, Pa.
Followed division of the remaining
assets of which the lady and son
appeared to get the lion's share.

A "Blue-grass" Kentucky lady of most
excellent family, whose unhappy life
ended in 1958, at her home in Pittsburg
her body buried near her home on

Teel -

A hand-drawn diagram of a right hand, palm facing up. The fingers are labeled with numbers: 1 for the thumb, 2 for the index finger, 3 for the middle finger, 4 for the ring finger, and 5 for the pinky finger. The drawing is simple, with blue ink outlines on a light background.

21

1870

424 - ~~the~~ cultured and ~~from~~ lady to register -
Laya Ben Day

for a piece of art history, I see
Kenneth A. Howard, was Chief Physician
and Surgeon at the Pennsylvania Memorial
Hospital, an institution as its name
indicates, trust and efficiency abundant
[~~through~~ (experiences) as a pediatrician, first
instructor, Dr. Howard acquired a
a limited estate, including the Stearns
much of money, one thousand acres, and
the old, central, surgical practice
despite ~~strong~~ military (Boy Scout) of
his friends, himself undergoing surgery
in New York Hospital, otherwise failed.
Finally (1953) the century was
distributed to learn the foreign friends
"decide" that had been overlooked in
the State Bureau of Health, because of
conference directed attention - Haverhill.
Public protest - extensive - of the
issue, and very ~~few~~ others;
The fine mansion and land, significant
and the Howard (also engaged) and
young son, acquired to Pittsburgh, Pa.
followed direction of the community
activity of which the lady and son
appeared to go by the doors share.
a fine - given, Kentucky Lady of great
excellent family, whose philosophy, life
ended in 1958, at her home in Pittsburgh
her body buried near the house in

425

Cemetery Ridge, near the home she
built on Hamlet Field, her spirit
"in the air" - Vaya Con Dios

Dr Hamrick's "license" was restored
in 1956, (Son of Mrs Partha Beatty-
Hamrick, as it remembered) and the
Doctor labors on as superintendent
of the Denmark home for ~~the~~ aged
incapables; though himself partially
disabled by age and crippling injury
to his hands. ~~He~~ wearing his

Nature note: During "Bachelor's
Night-Cap," Dr Hamrick occupies his
own house at Denmark, and offers
hospitality to his friends at his own fire.
A local paper records that last
summer the Doctor landed the
second largest small-mouth
Bass of the season in Greenbrier
River.

John Osborne McNeel, M.D.

on the death, in 1937, of "General"
Matthew John McNeel, age 94 (and
~~General~~ General by brevet Confederate States
Veterans, 19th Va. Cavalry), it was
found that young John O. McNeel
had inherited the large landed
estate of his great uncle. The terms
of his will was a well kept secret,
known by the late attorney Alfred E. Edgar,

Several years before the death of the testator. Always genial, though keeping his own counsel, it is possible and having no descent, it is possible that numerous relatives hoped to share in an estate exceeding by conservative estimate two hundred thousand. Except for a few minor bequests to the Presbyterian Church and allied interests, the will was left to young Dr. John O. McNeel, who had completed his medical education and had served an extensive internship in the University Hospital, Charlottesville, Virginia, specializing in "Internal Medicine".

Soon after receiving his inheritance Dr. McNeel and a beautiful, cultivated lady from South Carolina, employed at the Hospital, were married; Mr. Wilson had studied art, an accomplished portrait painter. Both Dr and Mrs McNeel continued their employment at the Hospital, the Doctor an instructor in Medicine.

On the outbreak of War (1941) as a Reserve Medical Officer, Captain J. O. McNeel, M.R.C., accompanied the Hospital unit overseas, and stationed in Africa and Italy for (429)

from page
continued

more than two years, attending the
Sank Lt. Colonel Medical Corps. (as
a cause of rift in families such long
separations is understandable) From
certain things which have occurred
to me.

Be it remembered, General U.S. Grant
was married as a Captain, 4th Infantry
at a desolate Army post on the Pacific
Coast, his wife and three children in the East,
(1850-1852). He became a drunkard,
on "free" commissary whiskey, was
cashiered from the Army and left to
make his way home as best he could
by the Isthmus of Panama, and forced
to borrow money - in New York - from
his class-mate Captain Baliver Buckner,
to reach his family in Missouri.

Nevertheless, General Ayrault
Grant, under Providence, lived to
command the Army, along with
Phil Sheridan - a "bad" man, to
roll like a juggernaut the Army of
the Potomac over the expiring
Confederate States Army. (1865.)

I sent my soul through the invisible
some letter of the after life to spell,
and by and by my soul returned
to me
and whispered thus thyself art
Heaven and Hell - Put away at

430128

After the war (1946), Colonel and Mrs McNeil (still childless) decided to to live in his home County Pembrokeshire, and begin the general Practice of Medicine, having spent thirteen years since graduation in Medicine in two hospitals, university teaching and in the Army.

No other physician was ever to locate here under equally favorable circumstance, large landed estate and much property, being the largest owner of stock in the Bank of Marlborough.

Brother James Price dying that year, John Laundy McNeil succeeded as Bank President. Colonel J.O.

McNeil being obviously next in line in the course of human events as this hereditary office in the McNeil line.

It is true Dr President James W. Price is survived by his son Leo, for Leo Price, for many years a Director in the Bank, but failed to succeed his father as President. Brother James majority holding of stock having been split at his death may have been a cause. But that is another story. It is conceded that son Leo in his own right, not the equal of his father as a practicing "Capitalist."

439 438
Office Personality and independent
Means, on Locust Street in Marlinton
(1946) a profitable practice was built
from the start. Truth to tell, Mrs McNeel
(a low-lander) did not appear to
"integrate" successfully either
with Mountain Villagers or her
~~married~~ husbands relatives. Perhaps
did not know "it takes a lot of
living to make a house a home."

Further, an unfortunate mis-
understanding between Dr. McNeel and
Surgeon Haurick over referral of
Surgical Cases at the Hospital to
Dr. Haurick, Dr. McNeel preferring
to practice as an internist. This
also became a feature cause of
Discontent. Carried so far, Dr.
Haurick is said to have bought the
Alex McNeel Place - adjoining
Dr. McNeel's holdings - as a "Spite"
operation - the lands never came
in the Market during "Depression Days."

In about a year the McNeels
(still childless) went their separate
ways, the Dr. McNeel accepting
a well paid position in a Clinic
in Portland, Oregon, with occasional
"fly plane" visits home on business,
or trans-continental trips by auto.
- ~~usually~~ at top speed.

431 430

Followed several years arguing
over a property settlement and divorce,
in which Mrs. McNeel demonstrated, by
excessive pecuniary demands, the
dependence theory of 'lack of a sense
of justice in the female character'.
Finally settled at the cost about
half the McNeel estate, and nearly
the whole of the liquid assets.

Meanwhile Dr. McNeel returned
East, joining a Clinic at St. Louis, Mo.

In August, 1956, the County was
startled to hear that the body of
Colonel John Osborne McNeel, M.R.C.,
had been taken from the Mississippi
River about twenty miles below

St. Louis, ~~the~~ Doctor having been
missing about a week. ~~Identify~~
Identification ~~only~~ made by Dental
Charts. There being no witnesses
to the manner of death, a verdict
of accidental drowning was returned
and rather large insurance claims
settled on that basis.

A will was found, in which Colonel
McNeel specified cremation, his ashes
to be given to the winds on the summit
of the "High Rocks", a bold peak
on the Stamping Creek Mountains
from which an extensive view is
had of the Little Level and beyond.

432 434

I have now got concerned if this request
(similar to that of Judge G. A. McClellan)
has been dutifully carried out. I hope
that it has. It was also
written that the ashes, be scattered at
the ceremonies of a relative who
visiting the High Rocks locality.

Because of his tragic end, perhaps,
~~now~~ no public notice given of the
funeral, at the service, at the home
church (Presbyterian) in Hillsboro;
therefore failed to attend as a token
of respect for the departed. That
the body was represented by the
traditional funeral "urn" of ashes
a touch of the bizarre to the rites.

At the church service appeared
(uninvited) the widow from her home
in South Carolina, dressed in deepest
mourning, the object of interest to all
beholders.

The Niobe of Nations, there she
stands,
Childless and crownless in her
voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered
hands
Whose sacred dust was scattered
Long ago!

8 am. a light snow at day-break
pages this morning. (A "Drops life.")

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Wednesday 1/6/1960. 4 A.M. Mild - cloudy.
An Argumentative session of the County
Board of Mental Hygiene, at the County
Court Session, April 5. The subject,
Charles W. Allen, Colored, seventeen years old,
Colored "Boy" of the Billy Wilson Ethel,
his case first heard in October, when
Dr. Pitman and I declared him
"Mentally Ill." The late Richard
Currence arbitrarily "paralled" him
in care of his family; and brought
before the Board on a new Complaint,
an over-grown (acomestic, or giant)
6 1/4 feet - unemployable and idle,
a public menace, as any idle negro
may become. Otherwise Normal.
President Brown Beard insisted his
"Paralle" be continued, but objections
on my part prevailed. Though
time had been consumed on this
young nigger. Sentenced to "hard
labor" at the State Hospital at
Weston, indefinitely. A graphic
example of the workings of the
"Welfare State."

Part of the "evidence" leading to his
Constitution (Mentally ill) turning on the
radio or Television all hours day
and night, though begged to quit down.
- the family on old age public
assistance, in part, but indulged
in radio-TV necessities.

A "lecture" to President Brown Beard, (near eighty), on "Modern trend" in dealing with "mentally ill misfits" of no avail - of the same opinion still, result a divided Board, but the majority favoring commitment to State Hospital.

By good fortune I have found in a "Little Blue Book, H. M. Tichenor's "The Theory of Reincarnations Explained." In short the "evolution" of the soul (spirit) it maybe in successive bodies. He quotes extensively from Emerson, Swedenborg, Schopenhauer, et al., in support of his thesis.

Tichenor writes (and I believe) the Modern Church might well adopt a doctrine of "spirit evolution" thereby overcoming a stumbling block as to our future estate - how else explain the presence among us in the flesh of superior persons?

The German Philosophy Schopenhauer has the distinction, almost alone, to write in an understandable and pleasing way. He once wrote "the chief fault in the female character its lack of a sense of justice."

Wednesday 12/23/59 379
4 Apr.

December 22, 10 A.M. - the winter solstice
and shortest day. Sunrise 8 A.M. - light snow
and colder. Sun-set, 4.30 P.M. Observed from
Post Office steps. A "Jays-dog" far W. South of
the setting sun - a faint luminary with prominent
rays, resembling the rainbow

The William Thurf Family, of Platy Fork Elk River

The Pioneer William Thurf, and six sons -
occupied an immense estate - several thousand
acres, on the waters of Platy Fork, Laurel
Fork and Big Spring Branch of Elk, extending
as a sheep ranch on Gauley Mountains.
During the War (1861) the three older
sons were killed in the irregular fighting,
Bernard Thurf falling at Duncan Lane
in the skirmish, under the porters Captain
Walt Allen with Captain McVee's Company
19th Virginia Cavalry.

Confederate General George M. Lee related
to me that his Company, under command of
Lt. J. Woods Price, in boat marched up two of
creek through the low place at the
Ten Buck Mountains to West Union where
Captain Allen's Company was found in the
Pleasant Camp, Duncan Lane. An exchange
of notes and Bernard Thurf killed the
Yankee porters retreated by way of Laurel
Creek and Red Lick Mountains, and the
Rebel Company returning the way they had
come. General George Lee appeared to
think a great deal had been made to
put a flight a squad of horse-dealing
porters under Captain Walt Allen - I could

The names of the two brothers of Bernard Harp killed in 1861, during the fighting in Randolph County, possibly at Bull Mountain on the Beverly Road, a defeat for the Confederate army under General Garnett, and the subsequent retreat of General Lee's army in Western Virginia.

An incident of the ~~first~~ Campaign was the death of Lt. Colonel John Washington, of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff. While riding with an escort near Elk water the troop was fired upon from ambush and Colonel Washington killed by a rifle ball; quite evidently their assailants being Mountain men armed with rifles.

The dead officer, young Augustus Washington and nephew of the first President, created a sensation. ~~At the time~~ It was said the Harp-Quoten who fired the deadly shot no other than one of the Sharp Boys, of Blatty Fork of Elk. There may have been other casualties; be this as it may, the escort retreated leaving the Colonel's body.

Traditionally, some trophies were taken, including an ornate dress sword, or rapier, with hilt and scabbard inlaid with gold. The ~~trophy~~ ^{weapon} was in the possession of Dr. James W. Price, and may yet be in possession of the Price family. No present possessor was known.

The younger surviving sons of the pioneer Washingtons, Elias, Hudson and Bush, survived the war - and in their

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 they possessors of extensive timber and coal
 lands, Elk and Gauley Mountains. The
 Murphy family closely allied with the
 Haden family, descendants of the pioneer
 Joseph Haden, whose history is fully
 recorded in Price Biographical History
 of Harman Township, portion included a thousand
 acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Gauley Mountain,
 rich in timber and coal. Following the sale
 of Harman Township and family removed to Elkins
 in Randolph County, where he and his son
 Albert Murphy resided until his death.

Lilas Murphy, whose extensive holdings
 were principally on the Laurel Fork and on
 Elk Mountain, has heretofore been another
 of our hospitable, good men, whose
 good will has been of occasional service
 to Randolph County, late 19th Century.
 An excellent man, devout, his memory
 is cherished.

Hugh Murphy, whose possessions lay
 in the most part on the Big Spring
 Branch, between Lilas and Harman places,
 and he included the ancestral home.
 He lived and died unmarried - a
 good humored bachelor, who in some
 respects, I have thought, resembled my
 bachelor uncle, Jesus Price, a contemporary.

As with other pioneer families of the
 Elk valley and the Keokuk, it has been

they possessors of extensive timber and coal
lands, Elk and Gander mountains. The
Thorp family closely allied with the
Hamm family, descendant of the pioneer
Joseph Hamm, whose history is fully
recited in Price Biography. His large
farmer's farm, portion included a thousand
acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Gander mountain,
rich in timber and coal. Following the sale
of Hamm's farm and family removed to Elkhorn
in Randolph County, where he and his son
John Hamm resided until his death.

Lilas Thorp, whose extensive holdings
were principally on the Laurel Fork and on
Elk mountains. He has therefore been written
of as the hospitable, good man, whose
roof sheltered me on occasional journeying
to Randolph County, late 19th Century.
An excellent man, devout, his memory
is cherished.

Hugh Thorp, whose possessions lay
in part on the Big Spring
Branch, between Lilas and Hamm places,
and he included the ancestral home.
Hugh lived and died unmarried - a
good humored bachelor, who in some
respects, I have thought, resembled my
bachelor uncle, Jesus Price, a contemporary.
As with other pioneer families on the
Elk was used the keeping of bees was
almost universal. With Uncle Hugh
Thorp, a bachelor but not a recluse,

Bee-Culture was more than a utility,
 but resembled a passion of endless
 interest and enjoyment. True, his bee
 "colonies" were housed in sections of hollow
 trees ("gums") or exposed board hives,
 before the day of "Super"-hives by ~~W. W. Wall~~ McWall,
 representing the destruction of a bee colony
 to obtain needed honey. Much though
 permitted the escape of many a swarm
 to the forest, rather than build up an needed
 "gum". Also cut many a "bee tree"
 rather than sacrifice his ~~family~~ domestic
 colonies - his friends.

Mr. Hugh Sharp died many years ago,
 and his spirit is roaming with the bees - and
 among the bees.

The forests of the upper Elk and Teton
 River valleys remarkable for natural
 beauty and wealth, - a veritable
 land flowing with milk and honey -
 its early inhabitants, down to the present,
 noted for a "high standard of living" -
 including milk and honey, and other
 novelties. The Sharp domain ~~settling~~
 where three forks of Elk converged -
 Slutey Fork, Laurel Fork, and Big Spring
 Branch, usually strategic and
 convenient of access, where everything
 seemed to "come to the house downhill"
 as dreamed of by the pioneers.

December
(Thursday) 12/24/59 - 383

"Christmas" Day - Remembrance of yester-year - { Continued cold - more in North-east - same - cheerful fire in fire-place yesterday - }
A bleak childhood which has no memories of this season. The winter solstice - anciently a pagan festival to the sun - sustenance of life. The time of giving gifts.

"I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine;
The death you have died I have watched beside
And the lives you have lived are mine."

In childhood and youth I have wondered -
envied - the bounteous tables set by by Elk
region housekeepers, where honey was
served every day. Aunt Mary McLaughlin's
meals also graced with honey, to which
I applied myself on occasion. Strangely,
none of the Pines kept bees, nor did ~~we~~ I
until Uncle Andrew McLaughlin stocked
me up, in 1892, as told heretofore.

A saying was, 'only an honest man
had luck with bees'. At the very least
a bee-keeper, needs be, enterprising and
industrious! - experienced - congenial
with bees, at working time!

Silas Sharp had a son, and daughters,
Mrs. Ellis Hamish and Mrs. George Gibsons.
Brief mention has been made of the sudden
death of Mrs. Lam Wood while attending a
singing class conducted by Professor
Luther David Sharp, at Sluys Fork, June
1934. At eighty-eight years Mr. Sharp
still leads his choristers with spirit in
singing gospel songs and Psalms

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Active as Merchant and Rancher; Principal heir to his father's lands - Uncle Henry as well - Mrs. Humph has led an active life. Merrett the second time, he resides on the Big Spruce Branch, site of the Henry Sharp house. At one time ~~at~~ a frequent winter visitor, (and investor) to Florida; not too fortunate in investment in the South, but his losses, if any, endured without complaint.

In June, 1908, while "swarming" a flight of bees, and bending a bit far, Mrs. Humph heedlessly fell in a Bramble bush and seriously wounded his right eye. I was consulted, and attempted surgery for an extensive laceration of the eyeball, fearing complications, I journeyed with the patient to Baltimore where he was treated at a general hospital - a measure of sight preserved, although a noticeable scar remains.

As Union partisans in the War (1861) with tragic losses, the Leary Fork Humphs are Republicans. When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt passed through Pocahontas County, May 1934, by auto, visiting her favorite ~~community~~ ^{community} experiment, Ashurdale, the Cavalcade stopped at the Humph Filling Station for gas. In a friendly manner she talked to Luther, inquiring what he there of business prospects; his reply, in effect, (not recognizing his distinguished customer) was that in her opinion, things would be "no better while that Man Roosevelt was in the White House." The President's wife did not identify herself, and only after leaving did Mrs. Humph

know what ^{\$85} was he had talked to
I had a fleeting view of Mrs. Roosevelt
Roosevelt as she passed through, and ~~away~~ I
instantly recognized from pictures, in this
manner.

I had paused ~~in my car~~ by the road
at a lookout point on Drum Ridge,
to observe the flowering wood, and was
standing by my car. Three "open" or
convertible cars approached, one in the
middle driven by a woman, from the
direction of West Marlton. Only when
directly opposite did I know who was
journeying, too late to come to "attention",
which I would have done had I known.
(Mrs. Roosevelt's itinerary had not been
announced) she had travelled by the
way of Hot Springs, Virginia. A few
days later I heard of the conversations
with Mr. Luther Murphy at his place in Haines.

Mrs. Roosevelt was then at the height
of her fame, during President Roosevelt's
first term. For many years after
she drove her own car, usually
an open "convertible," by choice. A
very "Democratic" first lady indeed!

Luther D. Murphy married the spirited and
beautiful Laura Morgan (first wife) the
only daughter of the Rev. Morgan-
Morgan, at that time Methodist
Circuit Rider and Minister at Elmy Church.
Mrs. Murphy's family of three young sons

and two daughters among my first patients in the State Hosp. records, 1905- and after. As the happy mother of a family, Mrs. Laura Morgan Sharp impressed me by her robust energy, cheerfulness, capable management of the family and endurance under strain of serious illness. Paralytic in the family was treated; also a more serious epidemic of Diphtheria, two or more cases, treated by the new and cumbersome, even painful, "antitoxin" of the period - all this at a distance of fifteen miles, by horse, from my office, while the advent of Ford's Model T about year 1912.

During my tour in the Army, 1917-1919, and after I saw the Sharp family infrequently, they having the children having become grown. Yet almost by chance I was present at Mrs. Laura Sharp's death, about 1930 in early spring - from a heart affection. Not previously seen by me for several years. I was impressed by her worn, silent demeanor, although fully conscious; resigned, she seemed quite willing, even in haste to depart and died without a word or a cry - ~~surrounded by~~ memory of our family and her husband at her death-bed, and equally composed.

The youngest daughter, Goldie Sharp, a beautiful, spirited girl of about sixteen years, a student in Marlinton, had died at

her home, about ³⁸ years before her
mother's death (1920) of diph. they have been
deftic ever that the time was ~~was~~
early spring, the road impassable for any
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been
seen by a Marlinton physician before her
return to her home when she became ill -
~~this was the~~ This was known to me, and
may have been a reason I did not make
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp
home, when this almost frantic appeal
was made for medical help. Previously
I had done equally strenuous trips, and
now regret I did not make the effort.
I believe another physician by some means
reached the patient, but his efforts of no avail,
~~and in her growths and beauty, Goldie died~~
youngest of the family, and first to die -
Sage Ben Dies.

The Rev. Morgan - Morgan
Father of ~~the~~ Mrs Laura Morgan-Sharp. This
striking Methodist Pioneer Methodist
Circuit Rider, well known in Pocahontas
and Greenbrier Counties, late 19th Century.
Tall, clean shaven, earnest, Mr. Morgan
appeared to be of the Ashury-Centwright
School of Methodism. At times
he preached in the Marlinton Community
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian
seemed to approve his doctrine and
pulpit delivery, present ~~when~~ teacher possible.

her home, about ³⁸ years before her
mother's death (1920) of ~~acute~~ ^{septic} ~~myocarditis~~ ^{core} ~~myocarditis~~ ^{thrombosis}
early spring, the road impassable for any
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been
seen by a Marlinton physician before her
return to her home when she became ill.
~~This was the~~ This was known to me, and
may have been a reason I did not make
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp
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and, in her youth and beauty, Goldie died -
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appeared to be of the Ashury-Centwright
School of Methodism. At times
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Church, and my mother, Presbyterian,
seemed to approve his doctrines and
pulpit delivery, present ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~possible~~ ^{possible}

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The preacher, invited to our house,
a distinction worthy of mention. ~~He~~ There
was much that was militant about the
Circuit Rider; he may well have been
a Veteran of the Civil War.

Ma once repeated to me the story he
had related to her of an accident that
befell him as an aged man. He was then
living on Hills Creek; and in his journey
his horse fell on ice, injuring both
horse and rider. The weather was
~~just~~ zero. Though unable to walk,
Mr. Morgan literally crawled for
a half mile, in snow, until his neighbors
hearts could be heard by neighbor
Toussigny, who came to his assistance.
My mother seemed to admire his
courage and resolution in his fortune.

There may have been other children
in the Morgan family; Laura only remembered.

8 am - Christmas Day - Pages 383-388
The paper dealing with "Electricity".

The three sons of Laura and Luthy Harp
- Paul, Silas and Ivan - successful men
of business, far removed from the old
home on Hasty Fork. The elder
daughter, married and living in Richmond
Virginia, has recently died.

Luthy D. Harp, age 88, fully competent
and a leader of music - a valued friend.
Married the second time, living in harmony
for, so, these many years. (Childless).
Vaya Con Dios.

(precedent)

December 25, 1959 (Friday) The entry of yester-
 4.30 P.M. -
 day - inscribed "Christmas" under the impression
 that Christmas always fell on a Thursday -
 the illusion held until arriving at my office,
 12.30 am, & observed more than the usual stir
 of people and autos - business as usual - a
 relative informed me (Jane Sharp) that it was
 December 25, 1959, - Christmas Day.

As to the sisters of Mr. Luther D. Sharp, Mrs. Ellis
 Hannah (Malinda) and Mrs. George Gibson
 (Mollie), remembered as friends and clients
 over many years, remarkable for beauty,
 good sense and cheerfulness, whether in
 prosperity or adversity, good or evil report.
 Under their roofs I have enjoyed their
 hospitality on many times, when journeying
 'Down Elk'. Their spirit still lives, in a
 degree, in their daughters, notably, Mrs. Charles
 Beale whose mother was Malinda Sharp-
 Hannah; and Mrs. Forest Gibson, daughter of
 Mollie Sharp-Gibson; who yet live
~~unimpaired~~ for grace, beauty and a better spirit.
 Their Ancestress, Mrs. Elias Sharp appears to
 have died in middle age, whose name and
 family I do not know at this moment, and
 not remembered by me. She must have
 been a notable woman to have reared
 such daughters and grand-daughters to the
 third and fourth generations. ~~Hannah~~
 It was ~~at~~ my horse Mr. Ellis ~~Sharp~~ died,
 several days after an accident ~~and~~ ^{caused by an} over-
 turned wagon, as told previously, in these
 annals. Mrs. Malinda Hannah was present
 & during this trying tragic scene, ~~and~~ ^{when} I had

390 Stendings and strength of
could absorb her adversity. Her death in the
character under adversity at her home in the
about two years

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could observe her steadiness and strength of
character under adversity. Her death
occurred early about eighty at her home on the
old Field Fork of Elk. About two years
before she had suffered a hip fracture, and
later moved in a wheel chair. Competent
and cheerful to the last; she rests in hope-
"in the air."

Mrs. Mollie Thurf-Gibson, also departed, at
about eighty years, at her home on Elk-
half way from Murland to the County Line.
It was at her gate I paused in the Marlinton
Run of September 27, 1898, when Mr. George
Gibson brought me a life-saving drink of
water (in a two-gallon bucket) in which I
plunged my face, and swallowed a
mouth-full. George Gibson has recently
died (1940) aged eighty-six years.
More than six feet in height, 200 pounds
or more, a fast player of soccer foot-
ball in a "forward" position when scarcely
fifty years old past forty years. Always
noted for his merry jest and ringing
laughter, continued to the last, though
preceded by a few years of declining health.
His death, occurred in his home. On the
day he died, being asked how he felt,
he replied, lightly, that he "felt with his
fingers." Both George and Mollie Gibson
were firm supporters of the "Mary Gibson
Chapel" on Elk, named for Mrs. William
Gibson - their mother; and both rest in hope-
Vaya Con Dios.

Both George and James Gibson (King of Elk) enjoyed annual hunts for the deer and bear, ~~not far~~ their camps, in Gauley Mountain.

In this connection mention ~~must be made~~ of James Gibson, ^{brother} of George, sons of "Wild Bill" Gibson, and dominant member of the Gibson family in his generation. Mr. James Gibson also remembered as a tall athlete and player of soccer in middle life. An extensive owner of lands, on which a large family of sons and daughters were settled. In the days of his prosperity a very large frame house was built, which still stands on old feed fork of Elk, route 219. This is, undoubtedly, the largest dwelling ever built in the County, and occupied by the family of his son Forrest Gibson.

In James Gibson's dining room the longest table I have ever seen in a house, twenty feet, or more, in length. No stranger was ever turned from his door, or denied hospitality. I have reason to be grateful for Mr. Gibson's supper in my early years in business and the profession.

His death occurred ^{at his home} a few years back aged Eighty-Three years. He was a purest man - 'the noblest work of God'. He had a pious mother, and a stately home the "Memorial Chapel" on Elk was built as her memorial. (Vaya Con Dios. Go with God.).

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Mrs Mary Hannah Gibson, of the Joseph
Hannah line, reared her large family
and capably administered her large
Baronial Household. She went her
quiet way, not outwardly moved by
triumph or disaster. Though a
frequent professional visitor in her house,
I do not remember ever hearing her
complain of pain or illness. True, my
service as physician in the family
principally for her children and numerous
grand-children.

Quite late in life she underwent operations
(by Dr. R.J. Haurick, I being present at the
operation) for a ruptured gall-bladder,
that might well have been followed ~~by~~ ^{fatally}
~~by death~~. Mrs. Gibson recovered and
lived several years thereafter. Her
daughter Mrs Mary Gibson-Miller now
living on her portion of ancestral
lands, most resembled her mother in
early beauty and strength of character.
Her husband Lieutenant Bill Miller
died recently. He was an veteran
over-seas veteran of war of 1917.

In the decade of 1920- speculation in
live stock and land ~~and~~ ^{and} complicated by
a disastrous suit at law, Mr. Ed James
Gibson lost control, temporarily, of ~~the~~ ^{his}
his whole landed estate of many thousands
acres; yet continued to live on his own

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house and on his own land until his death. This was due, in part, to the Magnanimity of Dr. James Ward Price, who took over a beautiful mortgage on all of Mr. Gibsons lands - in amount, \$12,000. This occurred in 1933, due to "frozen" Bank assets, the mortgage originally held by Bank of Marlinton.

Several years before James Gibson purchased the Theurer Lakes, about one thousand acres, on Laurel Creek, foothills of Red Lick Mountain. In this connection he entered into an easy-going partnership with his nephew Pat Gay (now living in Marlinton) to buy and sell livestock, necessitating temporary borrowing at Bank. Mr. Gay also purchased, (for the most part credit) the Levi Gay property, near Marlinton. Bad markets, debt, land mortgages and taxes incurred for the most part by Nephew Pat Gay, had the usual result, and the Gay-Gibson "partnership" soon in trouble at the Bank. An instance of Mr. Gibsons honest effort to pay debt, a hopeless debacle, his son, Clark Gibson having, died on whose life was five thousand insurance, his father temporary. The whole of this went to stem the tide, only to be lost. A notable suit was begun, that finally reached the Supreme Court, with attendant delay and expense.

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Gibson vs. Gay - My brother Andrew
once being attorney for Pat Gay, and also
representing Bank of Maryland interests.
The plaintiff attorneys alleging that Mr. Gay
had grossly exceeded his authority, ~~the~~
incurred debts. The whole cast system
of "partnership law" seemed broached.
At Brother Andrew's death I found
among his legal papers a copy of a "brief"
depositions, etc. relating to appeal in
the case. I was especially interested
to read the deposition of James Gibson,
given forth-rightly, in humble and truthful
manner, but revealing that he had put
too much trust in Nephew "Patty's" diligence
and ability.

It is only truth to tell that in this whole
trying time, Mr. Gibson, now far advanced
in life, received little or no help from
several sons, with two exceptions.
Some of the boys, including the twins
Leamners and Winters, addicted to
drink, and drugs, some times in trouble
with the law, being in jail. Of all
my sons, seven in number, only two
survive.

Forest Gibson, barkeeper, and his good
wife, a daughter of George Gibson, have
redeemed a portion of lands and now
live in the ancestral mansion. Also
Daughter Mrs. Mary Miller, as previously
noted.

Edison v. Gay. My brother Andrew

once being attorney for Pat Gay, and also
representing Estate of Marjorie, interest.
The plaintiff attorney alleges that Mr. Gay
had orally executed his authority #
in writing. The latter can explain
of "written" law "correct records."
of Andrew's death & terms.
My brother Andrew being a copy of a "true"
deposition, which relating to a dispute in
the case - I was especially interested
to read the deposition of James Graham,
given forth-ordered, in history and truth
matter, and according that he had put
too much trust in Andrew's deposition
and ability.

It is only truth to tell that in this whole
trying time, Mr. Edison, now far advanced
in life, recovered little or no sleep from
several years, with few exceptions.
Some of the boys, including the living
feminine and Wilson, admitted to
drunk, and drug, some time in twenty
with the last, being in fact. Of all
the sons, seven in number, only three

survive: John, Lawrence, and his great
nephew, a daughter of George, John, have
been in the ancestral mansion. Also
Andrew's son Mary Miller, as previously
noted

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Lynchburg - 12/27/59 - a warty fog - mild -
 had dinner - 7:30 am - 25th century price. Enjoyed
 conversation particularly with Loave McNeel, age 55,
 son of Dr. Wm. McNeel. For many years
 employed by the "State" in Charleston, in various
 "Public Relations" activities - Loave supervised
 the historical "Markers" on State highways,
 with attendant research - Schooled at Hampton
 Sydney College. At the present time an aid
 to Governor Underwood in Public Relations.
 Resides in Charleston. His wife Florence Price.
 mother of two sons, William P. and John McNeel.

The Meurer Lands

Mention has been made of the purchase of the
 "Meurer" Lands and Levi Gay place by
 the "partners" James Gibson and Pat Gay,
 involving large bank borrowings, with the
 resultant involvement in the Bank Debauch-
 "Holiday" of 1929.

The history of this tract of land, and
 its successive owners, is interesting; illustra-
 tive of land possession on the lines and
 fortunes of families.

Following the War (1861) there came from
 the vicinity of Lynchburg, in ^{Amelia} County, Va.
 William Henry Meurer with his ~~head~~ ^{young} family of ~~four~~ two sons and four
 daughters, together with some negro family
 retainers or "hands". Mr. Meurer was
 a widower and remained single the
 remainder of his life. His "war" history
 is not known - Probably a Veteran.
 An aged man, he lived retired on his own
 thousand acres of land, high on Red Lick Mt.

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The young Shaver ladies, quite undeniably
had "advantages" - well educated, very
lady-like and devout. - Methodists. All
spoke in marked ~~Eastern~~ Eastern Virginia
accent, or drawl, in contrast to the clipped
speech of Mountaineers.

Before removing from Eastern Virginia,
Mr. Shaver had engaged in clearing, or breaking,
many acres on Little Laurel Creek, with
fencing, settling on his land about 1880.
and continuing to "hack" dense forests of
hemlock and hard woods; the potential
value of this timber, even for local
building, does not appear to have entered
the mind of the Shaver pioneers. Result
much grass land, little timber when easy
in 20th Century the latter became valuable.

A vivid recollection of the Shavers, September
1885, just arrived in Pocahontas County,
the hilarious marriage of young W. H. Shaver,
junior to Miss Lillian McClure, aged sixteen,
daughters of James and Elizabeth McClure, head
of Rocky Creek; assembly of the clans
with feasting and "Charl' Vari"; continued
for as Marlinus Patton - where we had
just arrived and begun "Pioneering," we
knew also from Eastern Virginia.

Unfortunately, I have not the names
of these cultivated, devout Shaver sisters,
only one of whom ever married -
another story. Each was by nature
emotional, of the "Mountain Methodist"
type, but restrained by true piety.

There ~~has~~ must be a "downy" member of
 the family, named ~~Wesley~~ ^{Wesley} I think, whom
 I recall as the author of a Clever Allegory
 printed in the Times entitled "NOT NIL RAY"
 (MARTINOT) which may be found in the files
 of that ~~spungy~~ paper. Printed about 1894
 (The article has a place in my "Oceap-book".)

The lives of the Murer Fishers, or their
 elevated rank, were full of deprivations
 and renunciations, but they had mental
 resources and strong family affections.

Later, the Sisters ~~then~~ conducted a
 school for young ladies in Hillsboro,
 and were so occupied when I was a
 student at Prof. Brower's academy
 in the summer of 1891. All are long
 dead - their spirits "in the air".

One sister married, about the year 1885,
 her husband a "Renegade Jew" named
 "H. Nathan" whose fortune it waste drift
 into the mountains and become a tiller
 of no soil, also to wed a "gentile".

The late J. Luther McNeill related to me
 that in his youth he was sent, horse-back,
 to summon Mrs. Elizabeth McClure from
 her home on Stony Creek to attend as
 midwife Mrs. Nathan in child-birth.
 Mrs. Liz McClure being one of that noble
 band of pioneer women Physicians
 (obstetric) Nurses and Midwives that
 I have referred to with appreciation.
 Traveling in haste, Mrs. McClure and

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Young Luther McNeill, splashing through deep mud in dense Hemlock forests at night, reached the house with its beaming light, the family in a high state of excitement, and the patient at the chimney, giving birth to the first born. Mrs Margaret appearing in the lighted doorway with a fervent "Bless the Lord" - Bless his holy name; Hallelujah!" - as quoted by Luther.

On a more serious note, I will relate that at a later date the Jewth. Nathans was accused of "rustling" a black steer from his "Clutton" place head of Stony Creek, and killing and cutting up the same. A search warrant turned up a black beef-~~steer~~ hide, positively identified by Mr. Hay as that of the missing steer. At a resulting indictment ^{three} cattle theft - a high crime and misdemeanor, Nathans was cleared - arts reservations! This family scandal - in part - resulted in removal from the family lands, after the death of Mr. Patriarch H. Theard, Jr.

A study in psychology, the history of the Theard land, on Laurel Creek, and the McClure land on Stony Creek is given. ~~interesting~~ Tenaciously held on to, and encumbered with mortgages, by W. H. Thure, Jr, husband of Lallie McClure, for many years. Later these lands immensely ~~valued~~

Belonging to Mr. L. E. Gay

* (Griffith) Place

Valuable, being rich in timber. After brief ownership by the Gibson-Gay "Partnership" and Supreme Court litigation these tracts together about eighteen hundred acres, held by Bank & Marlenders for many years for debt - unprofitable.

* "The best of the farmer is the best farmer."

In 1940, Dr. Kenneth J. Hamrick bought the Laurel Creek tract, proceeding actively to fence, stock and improve the land with lime. As a "gentlemanly Rancher" and actively engaged as the Counties and Ladwies Surgeon, it did not prove a profitable investment for Dr. Hamrick, and eventually sold, at a loss.

* The heroic efforts of "H. Thearer, Jr." over many years to administer the lands ended in failure, and he died ~~bankrupt~~ bankrupt, but uncompromising, about 1918, to his very last year endeavoring to buy and sell live stock.

The home of Henry and Lillie Meares was on the Indian Draft, where their family of four sons and two daughters were reared. Mrs. Meares has recently died, a cordial friend to ~~the~~ through life (Vaya Con Dios.)

At this instant this son Roy Meares a substantial Citizen (the same who "torn off fence thirteen months (in 1918) and never fired a gun") lives on the very peak of Elk Mountain, a section of the Red Rock Tract.

+ I was my dad duty, as a coroners physician
to him Henry body

His brother, Henry Shearer, third, also
an over-seas soldier, but not a "Tourist",
who later found Civilian life too com-
pely to be borne, killed himself with
a rifle head shot, about 1924. This
occurred near where 219 crosses Elk
Mountain through the "low place" elevations
3350 feet. Henry had ~~evidently~~ con-
templated death by hanging, a rope
found suspended over a limb, but
decided shooting was best for a soldier,
and blew out his brains.

* "When wounded and left on aftermaths
Plains,
And the women come out to cut up
What remains,
Then roll to your rifle and blow
out your brains
And go to your ~~death~~ like a soldier's"

Thus it is seen that generations of the Kipling
Shearer family have lived, and died.
On Little Laurel and Red Lick lands.
All were honorable men and women, if at
times unfortunate in land holding.
At ~~the~~ present ~~over~~ the Laurel Creek
tract part of the extensive holdings of
Mr. ~~George~~ Edgar and son, Captain Thomas
A. Edgar, who lost both legs by shell
fire on Normandy Beach June 6, 1944.

Wednesday - 12/30/59 401
4 am -

The weather cold -
a light frost. 1959

As measured by the Gregorian Calendar, drawing
to its close; a year measured in affairs
of mankind a new "high" achievements
in scientific, and a "Low" government
and economics. As to the low estate
the Public Service has become, locally, a
"disabled" Coal miner, Prefector, & a disreputable
foot-legging drawn to overs, Gilbert Jack,
the put announced Candidate for County
Treasurer, or Sheriff - in the election 1960.

The approaches to Bridge and street
fence put in built preparatory for use,
though unfinished, the wooden Bridge
removed as a menace in winter ice
and floods high water.

A March Ride (1913) on Elk.

1913 As member and chairman of the County Court,
these years past, I was attempting to give
personal attention, to far as possible, to
all details of County government ~~for that~~
lay in the field of the Board. Long
before ~~time~~ State House for the aged,
County Board of mental hygiene, or even a
health officer, usually a physician.
Commitments to "Weston" was a rare occurrence,
totally denied to the merely aged and senile aged.
The County almshouse, or "Poor farm," the
sole house of refuge reserved for the
most extreme cases of destitution, at that
time rare.

In March, 1913, James Fitzroy called my attention to such a one. An aged recluse Mrs. Josephine Griffin existed for some time on the charity of neighbors, and ~~suppose~~ mentally ill. As District member and executive of the County Board it was my duty to investigate (without pay other than the \$2.00 per day when in session ~~at the County~~ ^{in the} ~~Courts~~ ^{Courts} Chambers at the Court House).

Such cases today are heard before the "County Board of Mental Hygiene" by the ~~County~~ Sheriff and deputies, with two physicians and two lawyers in attendance (paid) all constitutional rights of the "Defendant" scrupulously observed.

A "march throw" had rendered the road impassable in places for my Model T Ford, so mounted on a ^{western} buck-skin pony from the West, commandeered for at Wilbur Clark's Livery stable I set out the March day ideal.

Accustomed to taller horses, I had doubt of the ability of the Buckskin to plow the ~~new~~ level sections, the hills parts comparatively dry, but was assured by Wilbur the pony was "waggy."

As a matter of fact was able to "lope" tirelessly considerable distance on the more level portions, especially in the

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Fields bordering the road, gates being left open for the convenience of an occasional horseman or team in winter and spring. My Merut proved a genuine Plains Buckskin, soan in color, tireless and easy on the lope. It is sufficient to say, that I made the thirty mile ride, going and returning without pausing for provender, horse or rider.

I found Mrs. Griffin alone in her small house near the mouth of the Big Spring Branch, and not far from the present site of the large public school building at Flenty Fork. Aged and gaunt in appearance, she did not utter a word during the interview; emaciated, almost starving, but not helpless. At times she appeared to grope in the ashes of a fireless hearth for fragments of food; indeed I observed crumbs of corn-bread and ~~bones~~ meat bones ⁱⁿ the hearth. Otherwise no food visible in the house.

~~Some time~~ Previously ~~she~~ her son and family had abandoned her, ~~or~~ or had been driven from the home, by the recluse, who also had refused to leave, though offered refuge by neighbor Luther Mark-

404 ^{ms}

At the time her son and family were
living on the Greenbrier at Hazel, a mill town.
Aged and mentally ill, Josephine
Griffin exhibited a residue of strength
and instinctive ability of a wild
animal to survive, long as shelter
and food were to be had.

Considering her situation urgent,
I assured the kind Mrs. Luther Sharp
she would be given shelter in the
County House of Refuge - the "Poor Farm"
in the Little Level, at the time being
conducted in a more than ordinary
cleanly manner by my friend David
Gladwell.

I may here state that the excellent
David Gladwell, originally from
the Dry River section of Rockingham
County, near my birth-place, met his
death some years later by accidental
gun-shot wound while hunting
sabbies on the farm, and crossing
a fence. He was one of those
- Easterners, including Sergeant John
Payne, 62nd Va. Infantry (Wattsburg
Veterans), who came to our County
following the war (1861). Sergeant
Payne was born in 1843. He was present
with our squad at the Fifth Mass. on
July 19/13, where I formed a friendship
lasting until his death. Payne was a
Dior.

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His home was west of Hillsboro in
the Caesar Mountain section. A
soldier of slight build and height
remarkably youthful in appearance
at past seventy years, able to do a
day's work on the farm until any-
how years before his death; past
eighty, and his wife dead, he returned
to his birth-place and resided with
a son.

Talking to Sergeant Payne early in
1917, the subject was in Europe which
had become somewhat stale from this
distance, and my possible "calling up"
as a Reservist, in case America
declared war, he did not appear
at all enthusiastic about the war,
remarking: "Once burnt, twice
shy." I think this attitude was
quite general, in 1917, among numerous
~~inhabitants~~ ^{residents} of this Civil War living-
zone after my ~~was~~ Return to
Marlinton from my "inspector's visit".
March, 1913, at my request Sheriff
Lingen Cochran (Republican) drove
to Flaty Fork and persuaded Mrs.
Josephine Griffin to accompany him
to the "House of Refuge" in My Lewis,
where she resided until her death a
year or so after -

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I never saw this old Spartan woman
thence, but was assured by Mr. Gladwell
she "gave little trouble," did not
become head-fast until near the end;
rarely attempting to speak, making
no complaint, ~~and~~ entering into
death without a cry.

I have written in detail of the Buckskin
horse, and one of my last long rides in
the practice, year 1913. Mr. Clark
continued in his livery business, but with
less success, until about 1920, and I
occasionally hired a horse when the roads
were impassable for Ford cars, I having
used nine "Model T" in succession
1912 - 1926 inclusive.

For several years the "Buckskin"
foam appeared to be a favorite mount
for amateurs and riders at the County
Fair grounds; then faded from memory,
sold or traded, with the decline
of horsemanship locally.

In 1920 the Army Remount experiment
with Arabian horses, with the view of
improving ~~the~~ ^{putting} stock by infusion of
blood of this beautiful horse with native
"Chippisaw", "Palomar" and other breeds.
Three Arabians were placed with
Mr. Clark for a time, but the use of
autos was so advanced, together with

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building of hard roads, the breeding of horses among the things that were before.

I believe the Army Remount Station at Front Royal, Virginia, had some success in cross breeding with Arabian horses. Mention has been made of the beautiful gaited Dark bay Mare, of medium size, ridden by me while in Active Reserve training at Fort Belvoir in August, 1925.

~~In~~ The year 1928 saw the introduction of the Ford Model A, - the most practical, enduring and economical car ever built in America. In many respects it is regrettable that the "evolution" of the motor car did not pause with the "Model A" for a time. It is said that Mr. Henry Ford was satisfied with the performance of this car, and objected to the more radical changes of later models of the Ford car, attaining the robustness of the present day, which, like the reptiles of the Pleistocene, appear to be declining because of over-weight, deadliness, - and expense! The last tax cut may well break the motor cars back!

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Mr. Marion Burr, who died in 1958,
aged eighty, kept a Model A Ford
in (1931) in use, until his death, and
it still being driven by Mrs. Bessie Burr

Literary Note → 209

About the year 1950, daughter Jean wrote
a ~~Mystery~~ Book size "Mystery" entitled
"Dead as a Door Nail". While at home
on vacation from Port Arthur, Texas, where
she resided at the time; the month of
August was industriously spent in this
essay, patterned on a reading type
which interested her. Moreover, it
appeared possible to capture a market
flooded with hack literature rampant
in published books and magazines, "slicks".

Masters in the art of Whim Conan-
Doyle and Edgar Allan Poe, stand alone,
even Ben Ames Williams - stand alone -
appear rarely in a Century.

Hacks, ~~born~~ bred and born in the literary
tables of some publishers, turn out such
providence, endlessly; eagerly devoured
by the non-cognocenti among their
readers; served up with illustrations
and ~~as~~ ⁱⁿ modern art, degenerate art.

It is apparent, also, that some well
known names are being lent to work
done by ghost writers and hacks.

If this were not so, their recent serials
 published under the name of Clarence Buddington
 Kelland are far below the standard in
 imagination and style set by earlier
 work, notably "Foot-lights" and
 "Arizona". Such counterfitting appears
 to be confined to the New York "Slicks".
 Mrs. Jean Stockwell authored a
 sprightly story, frankly written "For the
 Market," but found no publisher in
 a "Rigged" Literary Market.
 Run of mine "Who done it?" ~~How~~
 (and "Memoirs") should be postponed
 to the Ninth decade in life of the
 author. — and not for immediate
 publication. If fortunate, by that
 time he can "Paint his picture for the
 God of things as they are".

The typed "proofs" of Mrs. Stockwell's
 Book is among my prized ~~writings~~
 Manuscripts

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth
 upward; or the spirit of a beast that
 goeth downward to the earth?"

— Wisdom

Friday 1/11/1960
4 A.M.

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Light frost; snow
of yesterday nearly gone.

Retired at 7 p.m. Promptly
at midnight books were exploded by restless
souls about Martin Luther, as a salute to 1960.
This continued at intervals for two hours.
Having slept well, I arose at 3:30 and
started my usual fire in bathroom "Library".

This is our lot if we live so long

And labor until the end

That we shall outlive the impatient

Yours, and the much too patient friend;

And because we know we have breath
in our mouths

And thus we have thoughts in our head,
we shall assume that we are alive,
Whereas we are really dead.

— The Old Meer.

The Sheldon Hammall Family
(of Elk River).

Ed Howe, of Kansas, once wrote a short
story intitled "The Good Husband", going
on to describe the life of the only
good husband ever known in his part
of the State of Kansas Neighborhood.

As Ed parted with his own wife
whom both were old, he should know in
a negative fashion what a "good
husband" is, or was, in his vicinity.
Several years past an elderly man

Called on me at my office, instantly
 recognized although we had not met
 for forty years. Frank Hannell of
 a large Elk River family; well
 appointed, even youthful, with a touch
 of ~~the~~ "man of the world", as ~~he~~ might
 well be, having in youth attached
 himself to a travelling circus, or
 carnival, afterwards marrying the
 widow of the Principal owner, thereafter
 occupied as an assistant Manager.
 Frank had returned from ~~the~~ sad
 errand, ~~and~~ burying his wife at her old
 home somewhere in Pennsylvania;
~~not~~ and calling on relatives and friends
 in Bealontas County.

Though undermonstrative, I sensed
 that Frank Hannell was deeply grieved
 at the death of his past middle-aged
 wife. He quietly recounted some
 incident of their somewhat nomadic
 life during many seasons in the
 carnival business, and their home
 life in Pennsylvania. It appeared
 Mrs. Hannell's death was sudden,
 and occurred "on tour" in the Valley
 of Virginia.

I was pleased that Frank Hannell
 thought to renew acquaintance, being friends
 in youth; interested in ~~the~~ ^{his} adventurous
 life through which he had passed
 unscathed, and hoped to meet again.

However, Frank's death was reported
 not long thereafter, his body buried ~~at~~
~~his home~~ beside that of his wife, and
 their spirits in the air - (Vaya Con Dios.)
 I am passing that Frank Hannum was a
 "good husband." ~~He was one of a~~
~~the large family of~~

The Patriarch Melden Hannum was of
 the Joseph Hannum line, well credited
 of in Pikes County History, in the third
 generation; Mrs Hannum a daughter
 of Samuel Moore of Marlin Manley
 near Marlinton. Their whole industrious
 lives, rearing a large family, spent as
 at the ancestral home old Fred
 Fork of Elk. When quite old,
 Mr Moore was thrown from a
 run-away ^{horse} wagon, suffering a severe
 scalp wound, but recovering, also
 treated Melden Hannum for an
 infected wound that entirely penetrated
 his foot, having "jumped bare-foot"
 from the house porch and stepped on
 a "Rusty" piece of wire. His patient,
 uncomplaining while being treated for
 a dangerous infection is remembered
 past eighty years. Lived some years
 following the ~~wound~~ ^{injury}. While being
 treated for his foot wound Mr. Hannum
 stopped with his daughter Mrs. John
 Pruntyman, thus living in West Marlinton,

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The eldest son, Mulder and Martha
more Hannah, ~~that's~~ Hannah has recently
died (1946) just eighty years, carefully
attended by his daughter Mrs. Fitzwater, at
his ancestral home. ~~Edith's~~ wife, a Miss
Johnson, died many years ago, leaving
three daughters, then infants, his life
thereafter devoted to their care and rearing.
~~Miss~~ Chloe married Mr. ^{Eden} Gibson, fifteen-year
veteran U.S. Army, at present coal miner,
and Mary married Jacob Van Meter, of a
prominent Berkeley County family, recently
died in an auto accident, and was
occupation coal miner. Mr. Fitzwater
a retired Railroad worker.

All three sisters have passed through
hardships peculiar to being left orphans
at an early age, and bringing up
families under many difficulties,
through which each has come with
colors flying in Blood will tell!

Mrs. Chloë ^{Gibson} for a time was had a
mental illness treated at State Hospital,
but for several years recovered, and
with her family of grown children.
Mrs. Fitzwater lives at the home place
on Elk. It is thus seen several
generations of the Joseph Hannah line
have spent their lives in the beautiful
and rich Elk River Valley at its
source and many branches or "forks".
All have been ~~to~~ my friends and patients
for many years past. (Vaga can do so)!

Sunday 1/3/60 4:14
4 am. a storm in the North-East.
Record high tides on New England Coast.
Locally, Rain-snow-fog! Slept well
before an open window, rising 4 am.

Charles J. Finger

a middle west Journalist, Historian and
Biographer, the past generations, not too
well known in literature, but successful.
His excellent short Biographies of Napoleon,
Napoleon, Theodore Roosevelt, and Pepys
Diary (Edited with notes) also "The
Anatomy of Melancholy"; the latter
favorite reading of Thomas A. Edison in
youth and age. Mr. Edison also
wrote his own auto-Biography, not
notable for style, but revealing.

Many thousands copies of Finger's
essays printed as "Little Blue Books"
at five cents the copy by the Late
Haldeman-Julius, Girard, Kansas,
thereby performing a valuable public
service, early twentieth century.
I have several hundred copies "Little
Blue Books" in my fields of Biography,
History, Literature, Essays, Translations.

A renegade Jew (agnostic-infidel)
with business ability, H-Julius built
up a publishing business which he
valued at one million dollars. For a

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Longtime published weekly a newspaper
broadsheet, entitled "Appeal to Readers"
on a materialistic note, denouncing any
"First Cause". This feature of his publishing
business, though sent gratuitously to me
for some years, I considered "in error"
and of no interest, an ^{at} Ancient Race
of ~~Men~~ ^{Men} of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~Race~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~People~~ ^{People}, his mind, darkened,
Haldeman-Julius was found dead in
his bath, a suicide. ~~Through a~~
leading "Materialist", it seems that
he was unable to live out his days
on a planet whose earth, sea and air
is filled with the glory of the Most High.

Mr. Finger worked as a journalist
in several ^{mid} ~~mid~~ ^{Mid} Western states, and
Cleveland, ~~Ohio~~ ^{Ohio}. In late middle age
made the interesting experiment sub-
sisting a large family in Rural
Arkansas, on an Ozark Mountains
farm, meanwhile continuing his
Literary output - a regular "Dogs
Life," which he described minutely,
giving totals of animal ^{and} ~~food~~ ^{vegetable} ~~consumed~~
food, consumed by a family of eight,
and other provender, much of it of
their own husbandry.
Finger, in my opinion, showed
great good sense in contributing to
a term of education in the rough for

Marlinton, W. Va.
December 18, 1964
4:30 am.

Dear Jean:

I am sending a batch of the Memoirs-
Pages (2d Volume) 322-348-56 - one
of my greatest pleasures to read the
typed "~~proof~~" proofs - a most excellent
notice of yours to continue the typing.

You may think a rather lengthy
"Memorial" of Dick Currence unnecessary -
but it pleases me. He will have no other.
Even living in a fine mansion - the
Hamrick House (built on soldiers graves)
"lucky" as it undoubtedly was for
Dr. Hamrick and family - haunted!

"There are ~~more~~ things in Heaven and
Earth than thou hast dreamed
of, Horatio!" - Hamlet.

(Dick died on his own door - step, trying
to get home from the Kee Flat - golf course.
Strangely, he did not stop at Hospital -
Fate!)

I mailed you medicines; including
"Pimellin S - Procaine". Be sure to try
a dose or two - I find it beneficial
for arthritis! It even prolongs life!
Vaya Con Dios

N. B. Price (over)

P.S. - I read the manuscript hurriedly -
you may make minor corrections if
needed - particularly in punctuation -
fewer "commas" and "semi-colons" could
do no harm. A "dash" thrown
in here and there might help!
NRP

Nan K. Roderick (now Kimmey) Frederick
Maryland, sent me a card. Says she
is a great-grandmother - Her son
born (1912) in August.

I have just written her a three-page
letter - She will be surprised!

NRP

P.S. - Perhaps Janet Cecil find time
to help with the typing during her
vacations. Some practice won't
hurt. I typed for 45 years - and
never good.

NRP

Tues day 12/1/39. 322 - Cool weather continues;
3.30 AM -

No snow locally, except on "high ground".
Second day of the "Deer Kill". As to the
Native Black Bear, Brother Cal Price,
for many years in his "bear stores," urged
the extermination of the bear, as a menace
to sheep husbandry. This was error,
long recognized, in his last years. The
bear rarely disturbs domestic animals,
because of his natural sense, and wholesome
fear of retaliation, with guns; and only
they when driven from his wilds.

Even so, the species has survived here because wide ranging bees, early and late spring and autumn, principally are males; the female more retiring in habits, before ^{during} and after entering her "long sleep."

The Black Bear, one of the most interesting of wild animals, is ~~lives~~ ^{found} around us; as is true of the Great Horned Owl, aptly termed by Deane "The Tiger of the Air." ~~It is~~ ^{As a} predator and drinker of blood, the Horned Owl ~~has~~ ^{has} been relentlessly destroyed by "civilized" man in America from the earliest times, but ~~has~~ ^{the species} managed to survive. A night hunter, a dweller by day in the darkest and most remote pine forests. Uttering, at times, in the night savage howls and chattering, along with its usual "Hoo-hoo-hoo" and "Hoo."

Nesting in early March, indifferent to snow or ice on back and ~~the~~ eyes of sticks, after an abandoned Hawks nest or crows nest.

Mr. George Beatty
(of Mingo) Flats, W. Va.

A native of Eastern Virginia, and a veteran
from start to finish of the Confederate Army
(1861-65), following the War, removed
to Mingo Flats and for forty years
carried on the trade of Smith in the
Village of Mingo; He married, his
family including four fine daughters,
whose lives I wish to memorialize.

Of Mrs. Beatty's back ground, even
her appearance, I have no remembrance,
only meeting her once or twice when
called to attend her husband when he
suffered fracture of the femur (1905)
that she was truly a "Mother in Israel"
is exemplified in the lives of four
beautiful and cultured daughters,
deared on the Randolph-Pocahontas
County frontier, following the war, 1861.

Mr. George Beatty exemplified
Longfellow's ideal "Black Smith" none
nearer than any I have met.

Under a spreading Chestnut Tree
The Village smithy stands;
The Smith a mighty man is he,
With strong and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as Bran Ba's.

(Quoting a hymn of the Presbyterian Church;)
"He went on Sunday to the Church,
and heard his daughters voice
Singing in the Village Choir,

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And it made ^{his} heart rejoice.
His probable Veteran Beatty had seen the
Mingo Flats while in Lee's Army, 1861,
encamped there, and admired the region,
headwaters of Great Valley ~~to~~ Plains.
The home of Captain Jacob Marshall,
extensive land owner and leader
of Confederate Partisan Rangers -
May have influenced him; several
cousins also settling at Mingo
"after the War."

My meeting Mr. Beatty was brief
and professional in nature. In May,
1905, at age about seventy, while
shoeing a horse, he was pushed or
kicked backward and suffered
fracture neck left femur, the so-called
hip fracture. He thought he had ~~not~~
fallen hard on a stone, because of sharp
pain; which may have been true.

The family physician, Dr. W. F.
Cameron, not available, and being
in the neighborhood, was called in
one of the first - perhaps the first - cases
of the kind I had seen; except that
of Veteran Clark Wooddell, injured
in the year 1896 by an over-turned
wagon on Price Hill, and treated by
my brother, Dr. James Price, the patent
lying in at the old Price House
the "guest" of St. L. Woods Price.

I, of course, not even an "under-thing"
 of brother James, the ~~Doc~~ Surgeon; but
 I recall taking my turn, with others,
 in passing the night with the aged,
 suffering Veteran Wooddell, a
 "good patient," who made "no bones"
 of his injury, and grateful for aid.
 I am pleased to record that Mr.
 Wooddell recovered from his injury,
 lived for some years thereafter.

During a period of fifty years
 I have seen a dozen or more similar
 cases, in aged persons, notably
 Cousin Emma Warwick, in ~~1920~~ 1920
 who then resided with her sister
 Cousin Maggie Lockridge at the
 Minnehaha Springs, who recovered,
 dying in 1940. Another story.

In the year 1912, Cousin Agnes
 Clark Beard-Clark also "broke her
 hip," and again I chanced to be
 in the Level, seeing her together
 with Dr. Winters H. McNeel. Cousin
 Agnes, being ~~of~~ of heavy weight
 and advanced in years, succumbed
 to complicating illness, dying at
 her home. A most excellent woman
 and the daughter of the late
 Josiah Beard, whose life and
 achievements are recorded in Miss
 Biographical History of the County.

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At a later date, Mrs. Moss Miller
the recluse, living at her home on
~~and~~ heights of Seward, died from effects
of a neglected hip fracture, stubbornly
refusing aid, and applying quantities
of "liniment". Her sisters, becoming
known, neighbors rallied in force and
she was summoned. She was found
in extremis, and died before she
could be removed to a hospital.
Mr. Nora Young, - always a leader
in the Buckeye Community, was foremost
in rescuing Mrs. Moss Miller.

Moss and ~~the~~ Miller, (the latter dying
many years ago) long, reclusive,
lived in the curious old house, then
standing on the bald promontory over-
looking ~~Seward~~ north of Seward Creek;
previously noted as the site of Jay
"Indian Merand" explored by me, 1895.
Their home near Prof. G.D. McKee's
present-day mansion, whose voluminous
historical and other writings known to
many.

Incidentally, "G.D." broke his hip
on the streets of Elkins some years
before retirement as Professor of
Historical English at D. and E. College
for injury was treated by a "specialist"
~~in surgery~~ by the "open" method,
a modern wonder of Surgery.

The Moss sisters were
distinguished ancestry, their father

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Colonel & Captain Miller, in his day
landowner, and before the war of 1861
commanded the 12th Regiment of
Militia. An aged veteran of the
Confederacy, he died with only a
remnant of land, and near the home
of Captain James McNeil of the
Nicholas Blues, C.S. Army.

The sisters had a sorry time in
the simple rule of living; their ineffectual
efforts to garden and provide fuel
witnessed by worn-out hoes and
axes I have seen at this home.

Late in life, the "old house" at
last uninhabitable, a new cottage was
built from proceeds of a sale of timber,
where Mrs. Mass died.

Pride of race, fiercely independent,
Mrs. Miller scorned aid of any sort.

To the last, dying without a cry.
Her passion was for flowers, wild
ones especially. At times she

appeared in Martinsburg, usually
with bundles of flowers, usually
stopping to see Mrs. Jean Price,
who Mrs. Mass instinctively liked, and
always a customer for a bunch of
wild flowers. For the rest, Mrs.

Miller subsisted on fruits, berries and
a rather poorly cultivated garden.
She may have kept a few ^{flowers} ~~flowers~~
perhaps a pig. Certainly she never

Toll or begged - would have turned
first in near chronic food starvation,
being chronically in lat.

During her active life, in occasional
but talks with Miss Mass. I have sought
to judge her intellectual life; also
questioned my wife, Jane, as to her observations
of the "Recluse." The result was
negative. Her sisters apparently not
"Readers" - no evidence of a "Library".
in the house ~~her breath~~. ~~Do~~ The breath of
I can also ever attached to the lives
of either ~~and~~ I have some time thought
Louise McNeil, short poem applied
to Miss Miller.

Renunciation.

Renunciations, large and small,
were as stones upon the wall;
And she labored hard and long,
To build it high and strong,
Till at last she could see
Nothing but eternity!

When she stopped to catch her breath,
There was nothing left but death.

~~Do~~ By the Covenant of grace, doubtless the
spirit of Miss Miller is in the air together
with her mother long dead; surrounded
by the her loved wild flowers.

This scrap of biography is for the pleasure
of myself and posterity; I care not for thought or
care how far I wander from the subject
in hand.

Tuesday, 12/2/59 229329

4 am. The morning mild and overcast. Snow is reported North and South of the river here at present. Work resumed on street and walk concrete. A London dispatch in the Tribune recently, announces a woman physician from Roumania with the New "Gleanings of Life," to wit: Procaine in selected cases. I have finished a three-page letter to Dr. T.R. Vancell, ^{med} Editor of Medicine, calling his attention to this unwise ^{humor} ~~gleanings~~ "Lay" reader of the Tribune, and allied subjects for his information, not necessarily printed.

~~Not~~ to return to Mr. George Beatty's accident, while at work moving a refractory horse - a broken hip. At the time (1905) hospitals were not in general use; the patient lay abed for a month, carefully attended for by his family and friends. I visited him once during his convalescence; noting his patience, and courage ^{and} endurance with a minimum of pain relieving medicine. An accidental shot of a Procaine solution of Pencicillin - if known, would have served. George Beatty convalesced sufficiently to go about on his feet; his death reported a year or two after, his health decline apparently due in part, to enforced inability to work.

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During the Autumn I received a letter from Mr. Beatty, thanking me for ~~services~~ treatment, and requesting a bill be sent for services. The bill, when sent, was in amount ~~25~~ twenty dollars, which could be considered nominal, and promptly paid. George Beatty was a good man; he and his family within the Covenant.

The four beautiful and cultured daughters, on marriage became Mrs. Edwin Hall, Mrs. Kenneth J. Hawridge Jr., Mrs. Sam Wood and Mrs. Pratt Marshall. All the girls "taught school" at one time and another, thus adding an invaluable experience ~~know~~ wisdom and experience of ~~each~~ "educations". The best way to learn how to do is by doing.

Biography of Captain Jacob Marshall and family will follow.

Mrs. Edwin Hall spent her useful life on the Hall Farm, Halley or Valley Mountain, Tygart's Valley.

I remember her son Edwin, Jr. an amiable youth, who died in middle age, while residing at Elkins.

He was a player of Dicker on the Mingo team.

Mrs. Sam Wood (whose name I do not recall), who in middle age a vigorous leader in all church and community activities, & it was Mrs. Wood who promoted the and

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largely built the Statue of a Confederate
Soldier on the site of Lee Army Camp,
Wmgo Flats, and the notable "Pensioners"
of Confederate Veterans, about 1928.
Also the "Indian girl" statue at her
residence.

Mr. Lem Wood for many years
successful ~~merchant~~ merchant at Wmgo.
On one occasion conversing with ~~her~~
Lem Wood, it appeared to me that
Mr. Wood had spent many
years in a state of surprise from
being the husband of such a beautiful
and ~~cultured~~ ^{intelligent} woman!
always devoted "Daughter
of the Confederacy" It was my
pleasure to meet and converse with
Mr. Wood at an assembly at
Camp Andrew Price, Deep
Mountain, Battle Field Park, in the
year 1933.

Vivacious, bustling and of a
statuesque beauty in late middle
age, it was my intention at the
time to further cultivate Mr. Wood's
acquaintance, but press of other
business in "hard times" prevented.
Within a year after the meeting
"on Deep" I regretted to hear of the
death of this lovely lady, which
occurred from a sudden in church
at Slaty Fork, while attending a
Sunday Community Singing
Conducted by Prof. Luther D. Sharp,

Sunday 12/6/69

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The anticipated snow of yesterday, turned into a gentle rain at day-break after late rising (9:30 am) and competitors of chess and breakfast, detained at the horse. Last evening the Cal. Prices - Michel, Florence McNeil, Jane Murphy and young John McNeil, of Cheshire, called with congratulations of my Birthday, I having completed ~~my~~ ^{my} eighty-five years - and one half decades. I have long observed that continuous employment in literary writing, a "dog's life," time consuming, which might better be used, for example, gathering wood in the forest for the morning and evening fires!

The writing of books is sacrificial in nature, and bought at a price. The last end of many notable authors, as judged by their Biographers, is not Peace.

Wm. Rudyard Kipling, in old age, (73) remarked ~~that~~ he had heard and read of "contented old age," but for himself, he had not seen any. (Cabringtons)

"In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.
From Marlborough's eye, the streams of
Aptage flow!"

And Swift expires, a driveller and a throb!

The life of Mary Beatty-Marshall, as if he memorialized in the sketch of Captain Jacob Marshall and family.

Lastly, Mrs. Portia Beatty-Hamrick (known by her friends as "Potty") about my

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Age (85) and in the "new" as an active
teacher in the public schools of Logan
and Greenbrier Counties; until recently,
at 82 years of age; refusing retirement
pay, able and willing to teach. In a
recent interview in the Raleigh County Register,
because of the remarkable life of this lady
of the classic name (Portia) she spoke of
life being "Real and earnest; not making
devoted to the pursuit of leisure and pleasure,
upon her marriage to R. J. Hawrick, to
whose occupation was sanctifying, together
with many years employment as teacher
in Randolph-Pocahontas Public Schools,
Portia, also, taught school in early life.
Their home was on the Point Mountain,
Valley Branch of Elk River section. Her
family of eight sons and daughters, all
attained their majorities; liberally educated.
Notable Kenneth J. Hawrick, M.D., (College
Principal in early life), now State Surgeon
of the Denmar State Sanatorium, and a good
Follower, and a good Samaritan.
Following the war of 1917-18, in which
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Hawrick
located in Marlinton, soon becoming
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas Memorial
Hospital, and for many years with
an enviable record as a successful
surgeon and physician.
His wife a Kentucky lady.

333
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principal in early life), now Superintendent
of the Denver State Sanatorium for the
Incurable, and aged.

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surgeon and physician.

His wife a Kentucky lady. He met
while both were employed in a New York
City Hospital. They have a son, now

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A Junior Officer U.S. Army. The imposing
Mansion with ample grounds, built by De-
and Mrs. Hamrick of Hamiltons Field in
the early history of that fashionable suburb
of Marlinton. Within its grounds the
Reserved Confederate Cemetery. Previously
noted.

His routine use of Roentgen Ray (X-Ray)
of ~~cases~~, almost daily in ~~the~~ hospital
practice. With characteristic speed and
energy in his work, Dr. Hamrick
may have exposed himself unduly to
the deadly X-Ray, with the result,
gradual loss of several fingers of both
hands, greatly limiting his surgical
skill, along with the middle years of life.

The life of my friend H. K. J. Hamrick, Jr.
(Son of Partin Hamrick) has been highly
tragic in some of its phases in recent
years, involving loss of property as well,
yet with indomitable courage.
Mrs. Hamrick has recently died. While
residing in Pittsburg, Penn., and
was buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.
Vaya Con Dios.

The early settlement of the Hamrick clan
on the headwaters of the Elk River
and its numerous branches in Webster,
Randolph and Pocahontas Counties is not
in antiquity - certainly in late times
of "Indian Occupations". Necessarily
frontiermen and hunters for several generations -
illiteracy developed, but strong nature,
good nature and better than average physical
development in height, strength and speed.

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To cut-off, by highway) and encounters
during the "Civil War" - was Webster County,
~~that~~ ^{which} ~~was~~ ^{was} lost with either part of
the divided state of Virginia, Webster
County known for several years thereafter
as "The Independent State of Webster."
(P.S.) I recall a Mr. Hamrick from the Point
Mountain, about 1889, in the autumn, stopping
at our house for the night. Alone, he
was driving a three-horse team, going to
the mill at Mill Point for ~~ground~~ meal
and flour. Of late middle age, average
height, and athletic.

I recall vividly his appearance and story.
He related to Uncle James and I that in
his youth he was the "best runner" in his
community; also his high jump equaled
his height. Possibly seventy inches. Mr.
Hamrick also exhibited a peculiar deformity
of the leg that was proof of an accident
he suffered in early life; a polished
spur of ivory-white bone protruded from
the tibia, about two inches in length.
The result of an old compound fracture;
a marvel; recovery without loss of a limb.
His story that in some way he was
washed over a "Water Wheel" at a grist
mill and mangled.

Mr. Hamrick and his team were shown
hospitality by Uncle James and our family,
the next day going on to Mill Point,
and heard of no more.

The Hamrick clan have responded to public education, many notable scholars and successful in business. Most are dark-skinned with very dark eyes and hair. Quite late in life Portia Beatty and R. J. Hamrick agreed to live separately, each going separately, though not divorced. Mr. Hamrick now dead. Two of the Hamrick clan, both at one time public officials, have and living in Pocahontas County, have died ~~as~~ suicidal; one by shooting and one by monoxide gas poisoning, doubtless as inheritances from their remote frontiersman, bear-hunting forebears. Having long out-lived her father's family, Portia Beatty-Hamrick retains serenity and peace. Vaya Con Dios.

Tuesday 12/8/59 - December 7, 1959 - the first 4 AM. now (two miles) at Mendocino. And now ferries throughout the day; most clouds indicated more snow at night, but cold fronts from the North resulting in a clear, cool day. Wearing cloth "Arctics" and my army "Truck Coat". Comfortable, walked to the office and returned. Stopped at Dilleys Clinic and was given a "shot in the arm" by Dr. Pitman and his nurse, Mary Vancura-Friel. The medicine for Neuritis in the neck - Traumatic and perhaps of arthritis, left knee, also traumatic - (Remedial) 300,000 units, one Celtic Centimeter. Will I have Antipore found beneficial. There is a peculiar exhilaration in the "first snow" of winter; sends a new charm to the landscape; if oft-repeated with accompanying cold winds, may become a bit monotonous, in the struggle to survive.

Chapter "Reading": a Dogs Life

The winters plants ³³⁶ and obtain sufficient exercise in the open.
It snows! cries the schoolboy, Hurrah!
and his shout
Is echoed through mansions and halls;
and quick as the wing of a swallow he's
To join his fellows at ball!
"It snows!" cries the widow, ^{old rhyme} "Reader,"
her sigh, "To be poor when it snows!"
It's a bitter sad lot to be poor when it snows!
Saturday, the 5th ^(Christmas Eve) conversing with my
Niece Jane Puel-Sharp, who has taken over
as owner-editor the local Times, I
inquired if she was aware that in doing
so she was beginning a "Dogs Life" in
Literature? ~~For~~ Jane said she was not
so aware!

My father and Mother, Teachers and Writers
from early youth, but with little acclaim,
and no financial reward, from Published
work whatsoever, escaped much of the
daily grind. The rearing and education
of a large family in the period following
the war (1861) required the most strenuous
efforts, professionally, of Pa; and ~~was~~ ^{was}
~~but~~ the light of his strength bearing and
securing the family. Under Providence
of the most high, the end of both, in
extreme old age, was Peace.
Brothers Andrew and Calvin, each employed
for many years in the daily grind of

334 338
"Copy" writing, resulting in much popular
writing; but it neither entered the highly
competitive field of authors and "writers".
Financial reward was meagre, in an age when
"writers" many authors enjoy make money -
paid by "income" taxes.
Moreover, both Brothers were popular
"readers" and speakers; for the most part
"guests" all leading to much honor, but
little "beer and skittles".

(Note: R.W. Kummerow demanded a "gate"
when termed as a "Reader of Essays" as
did Charles Dickens on his endless "tours"
in Europe and America.)

In the year 1929, on invitation Brother
Andrew attended as guest speaker and
Reader, all at his own charges, seventeen
successive "Teachers Institutes" in as
many west Virginia Counties, in
seventeen successive weeks, all to the
tune of "innumerable" "Contact" and
conversations with his peers and fellow
with, male and female, together with
hotel and lodgings, ~~with~~ a wide acquaintance
in the state, leading a regular
"Dog's life"!

As could have been foreseen, and at
age 58, this was followed by a
near "nervous break-down" and acute
illness (Facial Herpes, or "Mingles")
involving his left eye, for which he
was treated in two hospitals, Richmond,
Va, and Montgomery, W. Va, autumn
of 1928, and from which illness he

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Never recovered from a permanently affecting of the liver and Portal system, for which operation was attempted at the Greenlee Hospital at Fort Rouseville.

Brother Calvin's death, age 46, after a short illness, June 15, 1934, after a short illness of a heart affection, which may have been precipitated by acute illness in the later course of a meal of work-melons, in all probability.

As a nature writer, his name is commemorated in the "Cal Price State Forest" of Madison County, and does, in adjacent to the Watago State Park and game refuge.

Sister Susan from an early age, contributed some special articles for the family paper, in later life wrote descriptive and historical articles, mainly about the "Restoration" of the old Capital City, Williamsburg, where she resided in the restored Denwoodie Mansion.

Some of ~~her~~ ^{her letters} illustrated, and sold to slick magazines. Such writing did not prove helpful, in applying her thought and care to the work of her profession as a general practitioner of medicine and the management of

~~339~~ 340 Rockefeller
A considerable sum of money, then
in her possession.

Brother James, with ample means
and leisure, if so desired, late in life
displayed a centricity in his reading
and writing. I have frequently seen
him poring over Will Combalum
of a mythical character; the "Pyramid
Book" among others, professing to
explain pre-historic disasters on the earth
and including the "Lost Continents of
Atlantis" and its High Civilization, before
the flood. The "Seven Pillars of
Wisdom", probably, would have met with
his approval ~~at this time~~. All this
time were exposed on his shelves a
mighty volume set of "Worlds Greatest
Literature", which following his death
showed little evidence of use; and
which today is a valued set of books
in my library. The ~~set~~ ^{volume} containing
essays by the best English, French
and American authors ancient and
modern, and many others.

Of course Dr. James Price "searched
the Scriptures and kept informed of
modern events; yet I somewhat
horrified at his interpretations thereof

that ^{340 341} ~~which~~ to me, appeared plain statement
of wisdom and truth.
Perhaps as a belated literary expression,
which he had not ~~permitted himself~~ ^{permitted himself} in
~~in~~ early youth. He also permitted singles
and alliterations to run through his head,
often of a trivial nature; some of these
~~existing~~ in his times and certain
publications of the period designed to
attract and interest ~~amateur~~ ^{amateur} writers.
This was not wise; unnecessary;
even though little harm done.
Off-hand shooting does not serve in
writing genuine verses. Even a
Kipling in "resting verses in writing"
searched for days for the fitting
word or phrase.

Quoting, again, Taine, in the History
of literature in Europe:
"We cannot endure the intense
emotion, nor repeat the marvellous
recit of the Poems."

In my mature opinion my own
childhood was prolonged far
beyond the period of adolescence,
in part due to deprivations of the
frontier first encountered at age 10.
At least the important feature of
education gained by helping ~~from~~ ^{at} an

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early age in gaining a living for
myself and family was not lacking.
At ten years reading with some pleasure,
but little understanding the works of
Charles Dickens; himself a product of poverty,
son of a father in debtors prison.

Whether the faults in the life and works
of Dickens, he tells a story well.!

In boyhood I acutely felt the lack
of suitable clothing; which, well fitting
and of good quality ~~this made by~~
nature retiring, this alone helped make
me shun the herd; perhaps better
dressed and less sensitive than I.

I loved solitude, and spent much
time in the forest and along the lovely
Yelabur River. Not without ambition,
I early realized if success was ever
to be achieved in my life much
time was necessary. The society
of horses, range cattle and the wild deer
was educational.

Apprenticed early to the printing trade -
also highly educational. I worked
diligently on the mechanical part of the
business, leaving writing to my gifted
elder brother and sister and parents.
Becoming interested in athletics,
computative sports, and physical culture.

I also learned to labor and to wait.
All this has been outlined in previous
sections of this opus, but recounted as part
of the Paul Family Literary History.

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Monday, 12/10/59
4:30 AM

The 9th clear - merely.
Snow melted - a frosty night.
"Of the making of Books there is no end,
and much study is weariness to the flesh."
unless I continually observe, and with pains,
form a clear, round "hand", I relapse
into "hand writing", therefore illegible.
Force - our movement not yet habitual.!

I have in my library a complete file of
The American Mercury with under the
editorship of Henry L. Menckin, 1920-1935,
inclusive; highly valued and frequently
consulted. Recently, opening a "Mercury",
it proved to be the issue of January, 1930.
Turning to Menckin's "The Library", I was
amazed to find a mass review of
fifteen Biographies and auto-biographies,
all of the last Calvin Coolidge and
Alfred E. Smith, "abominably written,"
(Menckin) full of "transparent fraudulences
and evasions." yet "Menckin's to
make it interesting!"

"Who ever heard, indeed, of an auto-
biography that was not? I can recall
none in the history of the world."

And so on -
Others among the fifteen, John Brown,
Jefferson Davis, Wm. B. Francis, A. Lucius,
Leam Houston, George Harvey, Emma Willard,
Com. Duff Porter, Mark Hanna, Washington,
- a rare lot. Four magazine pages
in Mr. Menckin's style. The "discovery"
of this review I regard as timely in

my work, and encouraging
 H. L. Menckens: "Happy Days," before
 noted, covers a period, only, of childhood
 and youth, but interestingly.
 In a personal letter (1846) he refers to
 his craving to write for publication about
 1843, living together with his brother,
 August Menckens, in the house where both
 were born, 1400 Hallius Street, Baltimore.
 "Rich men furnished with ability, living
 peacefully in their habitation." (Wisdom).
 Twenty years before, Menckens was briefly
 married to a ~~beaut~~ lady, from Alabama,
 whose writings at times appeared in Mercury.
 - a literary "discovery" of Editor Menckens,
 always searching for talent in the young.
 Mrs Menckens soon died, and doubtless
 her spirit sits at wine with the muses still.
 And the gods of the elder days.
 Aware of the value - necessity of regular
 exercise, though a life-long dweller in
 cities, he made garden and saved wood
 for his open fire, referring to the shovel
 the hoe and saw his favorite sports -
 and writing of "Diabetic golf," a game
 of many.
 In a rare interview given "Life"
 the writer speaks of Menckens for heating a
 table leg on the fire, meanwhile lunching
 on a pie, with accessory food and drink
 and smoking a cigar.
 At times, Dray-men were invited to
 throw discarded furniture in the Menckens
 yard, which reduced to kindling by
 Henry and August Menckens, served

as fuel for this open fire. The Menckey
house a modest, ancient building, similar
to others in the Black, West Baltimore.
His father, German immigrant, also named
August, made cigars and had a
retail business in tobacco. as a matter
of course, all the Menckey Men used
tobacco and drank Beer; if Henry's
writings on both are to be believed. He
one was ~~another~~ of a classic essay on
German beers, with a discriminating taste!

The Menckey fortune, which is considerably
quietly administered by brother August,
and at the death of Henry descended,
doubtless, to him; with no needless
publicity. August Menckey still lives,
probably, but unknown to fame except
as the brother of Henry Lewis Menckey.

H. L. Menckey despised fraudulencies
and evasions in the so-called great, and
with unequalled force drove his spear
home. If his existence and writings
were known to the "Captains and the
Knigs" they ignored him as beneath
their power to crush. No decorations
or ~~decorations~~ honors bestowed by their
governments and colleges, either foreign
or domestic; or if tendered would have
been instantly rejected; not even a
Fanny ~~award~~ S.P.!

In the midst, or dark, ages Henry L.
Menckey would have been be-headed for
reasons, or as a Heretic suffered
martyrdom at the stake. It was his
misfortune to die in bed, rich and famous!

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In the year 1948, and about 62 years old, ironically Mr. Menckey suffered a slight stroke, which so affected at times his memory he was often at a loss for a word in conversations; but retaining his interest in current affairs; disappointingly, for the most part.

At the last, ~~the~~ 1956, he was found dead in bed by Brother Bequest; his body to be later borne on his shield, to its home in the grave.

Vaya con dios!

A "Dog's Life," but compensated by thirteen years retirement in age, a rich man, living quietly in his house.

I would quote, at length, from the "Review of the Fifties," Mescery, Jan. 1930, but refrain.

Any one interested may consult my files, if in existence during future years, or the Public Depositories and Libraries, ^{at the University of Va.} archived at the University of Va.

Briefly, referring to "Dr. Coolidge's

"The style of his autobiography is that of a somewhat backward schoolboy, yet manages to make it interesting," and so on.

"No matter how clumsily he does his job, something of his own glow gets into it. --- It is vilely written ---

full of transparent fraudulence and evasions. But these deficiencies

cannot conceal the man; on the contrary, they only serve to make him the more vivid."

"It is a shameless and appalling demonstration of what the public service has come to among us. Here is a man

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Who sat in the Chair of Washington and
Jefferson, of Lincoln and Cleveland "etc."
"and let the contents of his oration,
revealed innocently by himself, turns out to
be hardly distinguishable from what
fills the brain-pan of an average
garage attendant."

In the Review. Muckey sends harshly
with the other aspirants and incumbents
in succession, Jimmy Cox (1920)

John W. Davis (1924) Dr. Hoover (1928).

Al Smith (1928) — and Dr. Hoover —
all self-deceived as to their chances
of being elected, although apparent to
nearly every one that each was a "goul
coon", except the least the incredible
fraud — Dr. Hoover —

As to Al Smith: "written in a sloppy
and unimpressive manner," excessive,
"but the extraordinary claim of the man
radiates from every page" — "Al has
something far less common than wisdom —
— he can make people like him. —"

"Al managed to carry the affections of
thousands through five terms as governor
of New York, and would have carried
it — if Providence had been kinder, to
Washington; — and so on —"

What Muckey writes of Al Smith
being able to make people like him,
is singularly true of our own "Al"

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for even years past the executive
and with more power than the
American people, even at present
"like the" state of the world
now, the moderate followers of the
policy, at the present moment on a
making any good will towards
around the world, a fairer picture!
Personally, I consider a rising for
the "life" and credit for him both
true, though (a Democrat) through
definitely his attitude both as an
allied commander in war and as a
an "international" and "international"
if to true, but as we see the
after a few years, the later better
- - - - -
I am pleased that Memphis, in 1934
accepted the "fidelity" of a Smith,
which I consider just what an attitude
deserve to the rising community, and
these are a fairly significant
Memphis, however, evidence is in
my own category as a lifeable man,
F. D. Roosevelt a ~~great~~ leader
Gulley, from him President, but the
are really liked him. As to his
unsuccessful efforts for office,
they said they better.

Saturday 12/12/59 349
4 A.M.

a steady rain and thaw
throughout the night. Perhaps paving
on road and bridge will yet be finished.
This morning when I began to write
for a time I am careful to form the
letters round and clear, with sufficient
pressure to obtain a good carbon copy of
"forearm" and wrist actions. Then as I
warm up to composition I fallapse into
hand and finger "illegibility".

Last evening, at 5 pm. I stumbled
on a loose brick, 'bail' and fell heavily
(on back porch) with 9 glass wares in each
hand; eat up with parts of a glass jar
and a bottle in my hands, and severe
cuts on fingers, bruises as well.

Bleeding stopped by applications
of sediment from the healing
spring; "white ointment," and business
as usual; left well from severe
shock until 4 am.

September 1959. The death of the
Chairman of the Board, United States Steel
was reported from an accidental stab
wound, ~~by~~ a kitchen knife while he was
"assist" with the supper dishes at
his country estate.

I consider my most recent escape
from serious injury a cause for thankfulness.
"They shall reach thee up in their hands,
lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Yesterday I visited the Circuit Clerk's
office on business, and for nearly two
hours had interesting conversation with
Clerk Mady More and attorneys Curran

and Cooper on ³³⁰ Literary and ~~the~~ Local History. I was able to inform them why the Court House is located in its present inconvenient place three fourths mile from business center of Marlinton. In 1894 a block, 12 square, was donated for the building, ~~to its~~ location at the pleasure of the County Commissioners. Mr. Amos Barber was the donating member of the Court, and insisted that it be on "high ground," hence its location above high water mark of Creek and River.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud, a swift passing cloud, a touch of the wave, Man passes from life to his home in the grave."

General Robert Edward Lee

Something ~~from~~ ^{with} (1861) a local historical background must be written of the military campaign intended to hold Western Virginia in Union. This mountainous section of the old Dominion being largely pro-Union and recruiting Regiments - 1. State troops and Unionists. Grafton in Taylor County was selected as the objective to be taken and held and a march begun, in two columns, one under General Garnett, ~~later over~~ by Staunton and Parkersburg turn-pike (former of turn-pike - 1858 style in western Virginia); the other under General Lee on the

Warm Springs - Martins Battery and
 Hittinsville Turnpikes. In this memoir, my
 father accompanied as Chaplain (armed
 with a shot-gun, ~~and aged 31 years~~) General
 Garnett's forces, starting from Monterey,
 in Highland County. His brochure of
 about fifty pages, first printed in the
 Times Herald, in 1901, was set by myself
 on the linotype and staple bound.
 It is listed as a rarity and command,
 a premium today. It is entitled "On
 to Grafton."

The building of the magnificent
 New Bridge, 1959, on Interstate
 Highway 39, and third ~~at~~ this
 fording of the Greenbrier River, is
 epochal.

It has recently come to my attention
 that grandfather James Atlee had saved
 the timber for the first wooden arch
 Bridge (1853); also had a quarrying
 contract for stone used in the pier
 and abutments. The Saw-mill
 site at the "Saw-mill Meadow"
 now Riverside, adjoining Martins
 on the North.

The second Concrete Arch Bridge
 (1915); its large metal plate bearing the
 names of ~~County~~ localities County officials;
 myself as President of the County
 Commissioners, now reposes on
 my front porch - a relic!

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An Engineer, General Lee brought
his heavy field artillery into the
mountains, with its heavy munitions
cassons and trams, as many as four
teams of artillery horses to a gun and
limbers. This required much "corduroying"
of roads with timbers, remnants of which
were still visible on the road near
the tunnel, top of Allegheny, late as 1930.
A useless encumbrance, except for the
terror the "Big guns" might inspire in
Yankee "invaders"; the artillery was
them useless, only serving to render
the roads nearly impassable for necessary
supply wagons, either advancing or
retreating.

It is not known, or remembered
whether the bridge served for the artillery
or if it ~~was~~ crossed the Greenbrier at
the Island Ford, (Tanner).

In my youth, late as 1912, artillery
placements were clearly visible on
"Fortification Hill," one fourth mile
from the "Toll House." The "Hill"
slipped into the newly located Road
year 1912.

It is my considered opinion the War
(1861) was largely lost to the Confederate
States because of dependence
on the artillery and too many large
all-out pitched, and supposed
"desperate" battles. Of the battles of
Manassas, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg,

~~also~~

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Also Cedar Creek, Franklin and
Atlanta, were decisive for any-body,
it was for the invaders.

Large bodies of mounted men, freely
mobile, especially at the in the first
two years, could have made it very
unhealthy for the patriots from the
North; their hordes of Europeans
"county jumpers" as well, particularly
if as an invaded country, our armies
got a bit careless of taking prisoners.

The Battle of King Mountain, (1781),
was won by mounted frontiersmen, fighting
on foot; no artillery, wiping out
Colonel Fergusson's band of Tories, ~~the~~
~~the most part~~, bent on raiding the
Carolina-Virginia border. The
frontier men, under Colonel Cleveland,
Melby and Campbell, had the choice
of stopping the Tory army, or being
plundered and killed separately.
King Mountain, like San Jacinto,
remarkable for the large "mortality"
among the defeated "forces." Most
historians treat this aspect of the battle
tenderly; but the truth is little,
for ~~there~~ no quarter was given Tories
and "Mexicans" who may have
offered to "surrender" in little
band of Tories" in the South after
King Mountain, or Mexicans in
Texas following San Jacinto.

W. W. Woodward in his excellent
 "Washington" takes the view the Revolution
 (1776) was needlessly prolonged because
 of General Washington's predilection for
 the use of "artillery"; and formal
 "Military Courtesy" and pitched battles,
 none of which is classed as "decisive";
 leave "Peratoga", alone, (1777), largely
 fought by frontiersmen from New England
 rendered desperate, in part, because
 the British army was accompanied
 by overhunting H. Indians from
 Canada, who had harassed their
 frontier for generations. (Read Ken Roberts "Rogers Rangers"
 and "North-West Passage.")
 Fitty "Civil War" reading recommended
 as to "why" we lost the war, to Mrs.
 Chestnut's Diary (edited by Ben
 Ames Williams); and the latter
 "House Divided" (Mr. Williams
 was born in the South and "raised"
 in Connecticut - therefore competent to
 Judge). - Lastly, "Gone with the
 Wind" is a vivid account of General
 Sherman's carrying on while "Marching
 through Georgia". A few good
 Ambuscades, in force, and Mobile Troops
 could have been most unpleasant
 what Lee was keeping General Grant
 amused at Petersburg,

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It is a fact, documented, that R. E. Lee
in person had headquarters in the "Tall
House" (still in use as restaurant and
felling station) as previously referred to.
Summer and autumn of 1861, while he made
futile "advances" far as Mingo Flats in
Randolph County.

Lee's staff, was young Colonel John
Washington, nephew of the first President,
who later was ambushed and killed
by a sharp-shooter (named Sharp) while
reconnoitering at New Elk-water,
of which more anon, in a chapter of
the Sharpshooters of Flaty Fork of Elk-

any-way, while the considerable forces
in West Virginia almost forgotten,
by Richmond; President Jeff Davis
and Secretary of War Benjamin- with
their generals Beauregard, Bee and
others leisurely prepared for a
"Decisive" Battle (Bull Run, July 1861)
and the equally "slow" McClellan
prepared to "crush" the "rebels"
so much so that President Abraham
Lincoln requested the "loan" of the
Army if General McClellan had no
immediate use for it!

Dr. George Douglas McNeill has well
written of Lee's 1861 Campaign in the
Mountains that it added less than
nothing to his fame as Commander.

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As a Commander of Armies, General Lee had the rare quality of "likeability" by the soldiers. Reasonably courageous, a fighting general, he mingled with the troops, exposed himself in battle, and shared the hardships of the camp.

In 1861, a professional soldier, known to the Command of a "Citizens' Infantry" and no Mountaineer, (like "Stewarts" Jackson) patience and hardship accompanied his Campaign.

"Mounted Infantry", Mobile, instead of foot soldiers and artillery, could have, with effective ambushes, made it discouraging for "invaders", especially. Such troops were

later organized (1863) by West Virginia notably the 10th W. Va. Infantry, that played a part at Droop Mountain (1863).

The war game, played without intricate ~~and~~ laws, would have suited our resolute volunteers from Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee, making

of Lee's Command. Trees could have served as "breast works," and Mountains for Artillery "emplacements."

It is said that when a group of men from the 12th Georgia reported to their Commander "they" had not come that far from home to run from.

Yankees; the Regiment was threatened
with Mass "arrest" for insubordination!

The incident of 1st Lt. Woods Price
formal call (the Captain McNeill's Company
of Rangers - 19th Cavalry) formal call on
General Lee, at the toll House Headquarters
has been referred to. To the General
some abrupt inquiry why he was
not "with his regiment". Uncle Woods
could only reply that some of the
Company were engaged in "scouting",
as familiar with the mountains; also
awaiting call to assemble and keep
in check. Captain Walt Allen's equally
aggressive band of Northern Rangers,
for the most part bent on horse stealing.
It will be recalled the three Price
brothers were quartered at their home,
Wm surprised, in 1863, Uncle Calvin
wounded in the thigh and Uncle James
taken to Camp Chase, Ohio.

"Uncle" Harry McDowell, ex-slave,
once told me that he, personally, could
see "no sense" in making war by
"scouts" running horses to death. To
inform General Lee that his "rear"
was threatened ~~by an~~ advance in Balk
or 9 miles permits, or that
McClellan was advancing up the
Lyguts and Elk valleys, whereupon
the General would order a new

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stand for the artillery, and cutting
more high trees, in the road far side
of Elk Mountain, to be laboriously
removed when an advance or retreat
was ordered.

It is a fact Lee got his Artillery
out of the mountains, while burning
and abandoning wagons loaded
with munitions and small arms.

With the military (1776-1861) it was
fashionable to estimate the out-come of
a military force by the number of
"guns" lost or taken. Even "Old
Hewell", himself an artillery man,
insisted on "seizing the guns", also
"a wheel-barrow" if necessary.

Furthermore, it is clear that Lee's
Army in Western Virginia was neglected
in the matter of supply, in part unavoidably
but more by criminal sloth and cupidity
of "Contractors," and other vermin.

Many years ago an interesting
book ~~that~~ was published anonymously by
a volunteer soldier in the ranks of the
8th Tennessee Infantry. Some years
ago this book ran serially in the
Pocahontas Times, most interesting,
following the Campaign through in detail
to its debacle. Rich Mountain and
Chant. There was no need for
withholding his name - he told nothing

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put the truth; but published soon following
the war, some night and many soldiers
yet living, some might have considered
the author too "revealing", and made
subject to reprisals.

The book, clipped from the Times, is
a valued feature of a voluminous
Scrap-book which I have.

That Lees Army used Martins Butte
as principal "base" until late fall
is attested by stone pile remains of
"Chummys", Amplements and trenches
emplacing above the Bridge far as the
Island Ford; also two well populated
"Centuraries" before described. Forts
were made far as Mingo Flats and
Elkwater. Meanwhile, until Gamitts
retreat, and death at Carrick ford,
while suspecting the "rear" made
retreat in haste from the Mountains
inevitable.

General McClellans success in
clearing Western Virginia of "Rebel"
forces a feature of his promotions
and elevation to Supreme Command
by President Lincoln. McClellan
was able, and lucky. He "stopped"
the Confederacy at Sharpsburg, and
extracted his army from the Peninsula
(1862) when the "Rebellers" was in flower.

Also giving summary
to spirit and informers. - 1900

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Poorly supplied, with shelter and food
bedding, medicine and clothing. The
Army lay in leafy tents and huts
in the mud of Marquis Bottoms, and
many perished of enteric disease, typhoid
and dysentery. Something could have
been done by returning the useless
"artillery" to the low-lands, making
an occasional sanitary "change of
base". Also giving our "resolute"
young volunteers, from Georgia a chance
"to run from Yankees", or over-running
their encampments, giving no quarter,
as Lousy invaders of the South-land!
Kipling's "Mesopotamia", 1917, gives
an exact picture ^{of the} Western Vagabond
Campaign, 1861 -

They shall not return to us, the
Desolate, the Young;
The eager and whole-hearted whom
we gave,
But the men who left them terrified
to die in their own dung,
Shall they come in years and hours
to the grave?

(Twelve pages this morning, - 430-9 am -
despite my "accident" last evening
this morning - a genuine "draw".

Monday - 12/14/59 - 4.30 AM -
 Clear - Cool - The nearly full moon sitting
 over Price Hill. 5 AM: The sun rising over
 the Eastern Mountains. 7.35 - AM - "No Heavens
 declare the glory of God; the earth sheweth
 his handiwork; day unto day uttereth
 speech; night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"Imperfect sympathies":

Particularly of late, I have been impressed
 by the fertility that shines in the faces of
 women and men, of ~~all~~ middle age -
 even old. You seldom see a silly
 expression among the Jews. Gains and
 the pursuit of gain sharpen a man's visage.
 I never heard of an idiot born among
 them. Some admire the Jewish physiognomy.
 I admire it but with trembling. I all had
 those full dark inscrutable eyes.
 In the Negro countenance you will
 often meet with strong traces of benignity.
 I have felt drawn to these countenances
 towards some of these faces - or rather
 masks - that have looked out kindly
 upon me in casual encounters in the
 street and highway. - These "images of
 God out in ebony." But I should not
 like to associate with them, to share my
 meals and my good nights with them +
 because they are black.

I borrow from Charles Lamb's excellent Essay
 of that Chapter: Cast to Quakers.
 "I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship
 - But I cannot like the Quakers (as
 Desdemona would say) 'to live with them'."

I should ³⁶²stare at this primitive bangs.
My appetites are too high for the salads
which (according to Evelyn) Eve prepared
dressed for the angel.

Though I love to behold beauty,
benignity and intelligence in the faces
of many aged women and men, of all
races, I ~~would~~ should not choose to
associate daily with them, or even
~~live in the same house with any~~ - "To
live with them!"
So much for "Imperfect Sympathies".

Major General Daniel Sickles, U.S. Army
(Volunteers - 1861)
(1823 - 1914)

Congressman, from New York City; Ambassador
to Spain (where he married a Spanish
Lady); Commander of the 6th Corps, U.S. Army
at the sorry battle of Chancellorsville, March,
1863; hero of Gettysburg, where he
lost his right leg at the hip, July 2, 1863,
in the "Peach Orchard" skirmish.
General James Longstreet, Corps in
this drive on the Union left, at
Little Round Top, which if left
by Longstreet men would have been
decisive.

Dan Sickles neglected to write his
autobiography, and if a good biography
exists I am not aware of it. Yet I
met General Sickles, July 2, 1913, at his
"headquarters" on the Emmitsburg Road
(a farmhouse); shook him by the hand,

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And as a "Son of a Confederate soldier,"
gave him the time of day! Then in his
90th year, he sat in a porch alone,
his empty right trouser leg trailing on
the floor - Next year (1914) was
"broke out" in Europe. Another story.

The high ranking hero of the Yankee
Army at the battle, his leg mangled by
a base shot and amputated, "on the
field" without any other assistance than
stiff shots of Brandy, General Greene
was even named as an honored guest
at the 50th anniversary of the battle, by
a mobbish "Regular Army" in charge
of the celebration, they marked the first
Donut "Re-unions" of the Civil War (1861-65)
old and infirm, in "Disgrace";
whereupon Dan Fickles rented the farm
house, near the "Peach orchard" as head-
quarters, ~~which were~~ shared by Mrs. Fickles
Long Street - also a voluntary "guest"
of the "Committee" in arrangements.

The Congressman Fickles' "fall from grace"
began, before the war, when he shot and
killed the socially prominent son of friend
Deat Kay, man about town in Washington
who had held rendezvous with Fickles
Spanish-born wife in a ^{little} sordid house on
K-Street. Not specially planned
or prosecuted for killing the ~~black~~ ^{no account} ~~guard~~
Kay, Gen. Fickles' "disgrace" ~~was~~ ⁱⁿ public
estimation, was ⁱⁿ forgiving his wife
and restoring his home life. Mrs.
Daniel Fickles died a few years thereafter.

I may add, that ³⁶⁴ as a one-legged general,
Lyle saw no active service after
decisive Gettysburg. A current super-
stition in the war was that maimed
generals were unlucky. One-legged
Maj. Gen. Dick Cade ~~was~~ ^{was} commended a
Army Corps at Gettysburg, making a crucial
turn on the July 3, 1861.

The destruction of the 7th Army Corps
at Chancellorsville, by Gen. H. G. Lee -
Hewell Jackson's tragic historic;
Jackson losing his left arm in the melee,
(and his life) in the melee. Perhaps
if Jackson had survived amputation, he
and resumed command, his "luck"
might have failed ~~else~~ thereafter -
who knows.

Lt. Gen. John Hood lost his leg at
Chancellorsville; he commanded at the
Battle of Atlanta - and ^{was} defeated
by a resolute citizenry (and the Army)
who burned the city of Atlanta, instead
of leaving it to the Parsonist General
Sherman, ^{to burn} had risen en-masse, cutting
the ~~enemy~~ ^{Army} ~~communal~~ supplies and
ambushing the Army and its "bummers"
on ~~at~~ every hand, a different story
might have been told of "Marching
through Georgia!" A second
"Jingle Mountain," also attending to
"native Tories" - (Unionists) by drum-
head court-martial, or not or right.

Gen. C. H. Howard - one arm
commended

As to 'Tories' elsewhere in the South,
and in Western Virginia (1861) they
also should have been exterminated
early in the war - or driven North.

(Set the fields of rancor,
Bleach the bones of many thousands")

My Mother's first cousin, ex-federal
Congressman, Botts, of Culpeper County,
is yet a favorite with Northern historians
of the Civil War as a leading 'Tory' of
the South. Too old for military
duty, yet an agent of disruption
and should have been shot for error.
Yet his full page picture, and his
Mausoleum in Culpeper - spared by the
Yankees - appears in the Photographic
History of the Civil War. In the same
volume (no. x) a full page picture
of Colonel John Morby and his officers
including my second cousin
J. H. Norman V. Randolph appears.
"House Divided", and Mrs. Mary
Christman's "Civil War Diary" - indeed!
not forgetting "Gone with the Wind".

As to General Pickens further "disgrace"
black-balled by the Army "administration"
vide 1913. For past the normal span,
old and poor, denied "retirement" as
a general not of the Regular Army,

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New York State gave in his case certain funds to be disbursed for the State Monument Commission. In the course of time, Dem. People's accounts were found 'short' in some degree, irretrievably lost, ~~wherefore~~ ^{thereafter} to be provided by the Regular Army and New York finances (who only steal legally) as one to be shunned - for being found out.

~~When~~ Ambassador Benjamin Franklin, whose principal business for ten years in Europe, was to manufacture, by treaty and diplomacy France into the war ~~for the side~~ ^{our side}, and supplied with public funds. The outcome was excessive with France as ally on the sea and over here.

After his return home, and old, his attention was called to a shortage in book-keeping, perhaps ~~the~~ ^{the} ground.

Franklin's Coal retort is classic:
"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth
out the corn."

His name Franklin revered and respected lives. His incomplete auto-biography is admirable, but did not reach the period of his life spent in Europe, during the American Revolution. If written he probably would have dismissed

366

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Thursday 12/17/59 - 3.30 AM -

I sent my soul through the invincible
Long letter of the after life to Spell;
And by and by my soul returned to me
And whispered "They thyself art Heavely
and Well!" - Ruben at.

Reported
In my entry of Saturday, Dec. 12, I noted
the day before conversing with Attorney
R. F. Currence, in the Clerk's Office at the
Courthouse, he appeared in unusually
good health and cheer. For some years
past I had noted - with disapproval - in
his demeanor a certain impatience, even
rudeness, at times, which I chose to think
because of "incompetence" in me. This I
resented, to the extent of writing him
to employ any attorney he chose, though
in "instructions" filed with Currence I had
named him as preferred attorney. As a
long-time paying client I did not under-
stand such rudeness.

December 15, 2 pm he ~~was~~ seized (became
ill on the golf course, and returning to his
home, died on his own door-step age 49.

An expert "land lawyer," and Bank
Attorney, noted for well prepared briefs
in Chancery, and other legal papers, he
unquestionably led a "Dignified" for many
years in research and legal "Literature."
Matters will be made later of the celebrated
and important suit of Fisher Brothers of New
York, dealers in metals, vs. Versus Jander and
Murray Price, et al., for recovery of twenty-
three thousand Dollars (Vocational Iron Company)
Another story.

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Last evening at 4 PM. I cremated Dick
Currence's body at the Mortuary and signed
the Registrar's Ceremonially. The burial
today at 2 PM. in the McNeill Plot at
Cypress Hill. Price lot on Century Ridge.
He resided in the Hamrick Mausoleum
Hamilton Field. Industrious, he cultivated
a large and excellent garden, as one of
his exercise hobbies; also for beauty
and utility. That his garden, even his
house, encroached on the Confederate
Cemetery reservations. Was unfortunate.
This error committed by the builders
of the Hamrick Mausoleum and attached houses
Many years ago, but in my recollection,
there were stones marking goldens graves
on both sides of the old ~~terrace~~
Ward Spring and Merlins Bottoms terrace.
about one acre of second growth white
fak - now well grown - had been
allowed to spring up in the "Cemetery".

In 1943, at age 35, Dick Currence
"joined the War" (Navy) as a Lt. Junior grade.
That his action was voluntary, being at the
time ~~an~~ an elected County official (attorney)
and following "school" in navigation and
seamanship put in command of a small
freighter, or "beach boat" operating among
the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.
The usual "disillusionments" of modern
war in far places resulted. The
service was honorable, in the highest

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degree, but ~~ordained~~ ^{in a degree}, as I
And well understand from personal
experience in the army of 1917. Military
life is ~~boresome~~, at times dull, and may
be tragic - even comic. - Currence told
me that at one time his ~~Be~~ beach boat
was engaged in carrying bananas!
- through in stormy and Japanese
infested seas!

The navy, as well as the Army, moves
on its belly; so it is necessary to get
there first with the most - bananas -
or other foods.

Richard Forrest Currence, age 49 years,
Gentleman, Soldier and Scholar, his
early death lamented -

We shall grieve, and, faith, we
~~shall~~ ^{shall} need it; -

Lie down for an hour or two,
Till the Master of all Good Workmen
shall put us to work anew!

- Kipling

Captain Jacob Marshall, -
1st Cavalry, U.S. Army

Jacob Marshall and his brother Ezekiel
at an early day came from Eastern
Virginia and spent the remainder of
their days at Mingo and Mingo Falls
Randolph County.

Later, both were soldiers in the Southern Army, Jacob commanding a Company of Rangers, their efforts directed to holding Western Virginia against the Dominion of Kansas. Captain Marshall's Company of the 19th Cavalry. Captain Marshall was present with his command at Droop Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863; later in the Valley at Cedar Creek, receiving a chest wound from which he suffered all the remainder of his life, dying in 1896.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of Attorney Adam See, who in turn was son-in-law of Jacob Warwick. Prior Biography of Giles that Adam See was the largest land-owner that ever resided in Randolph County, much of it derived from Jacob's Warwick land.

Isaiah Marshall also owned a land on the Middle Mountain, Dry Branch road, where his son Clyde Marshall lately resided.

The sons of Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall died in early middle age, the Captain remaining a single until his death.

Their sons were Payatt, Cecil, Ligon and Adam Marshall; daughters Mary and Elizabeth Nina, who married the brothers Ed Lam and Ed Holt.

Merchants late 19th Century at Marlinton and Hellsboro. Older citizens remember the beautiful and cultured Mary and Nina Marshall - Holt.

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All six children of Captain Marshall were schooled in Lewisburg, Hillsboro and Marlinton.

Lamuel and Edward Halt, brothers born in Putnam County, Kanawha Valley, well educated and merchants, having married the Marshall sisters, built department stores in Marlinton and Hillsboro about 1892. Both are remembered as gentlemen-merchants, prominent in Presbyterian Church work. Due to reverses in business in the fall of 1893, they and their families removed elsewhere. The store built in Marlinton only this year (1899) removed removed to make room for the new "Golden" Building, owned by Mrs Fannie Golden-Oberholt.

Cecil Marshall, epileptic from birth, nonetheless a student in Prof. Mark Byrds Academy, Marlinton, in 1894, with his brothers Ligon and Adam.

Cecil Marshall later married Miss Gay; lived and died on his ~~large~~ portion of land ~~at~~ Valley Mountain. Despite his affliction always a gentleman. Country landed gentleman, as befitted his ancestry. His death occurred about 1910.

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At this time (1905) Dr. was 7. Cummings
who lived on his ranch nearby on the
Valley Mountain, had removed for
the winter to Beechamway to school
his two daughters.

Adam Marshall, youngest of the
brothers, died of malignant typhoid
fever, at his home, about 1899.
He was a promising lad, well
educated, who would have acquitted
himself well as a Country gentleman,
in business and politics.

Ligon Marshall graduated in
Medicine in Baltimore, Maryland, in
1896, and for a year or two set up
practice in Marlinton. Not very successful
in gaining practice, ~~as~~ being young and
inexperienced and among "home folks,"
and relatives, he removed to the Valley
at Dayton and Broadway, where he
married and practiced rural medicine
until his death in an automobile
about 1930. A daughter survives.

Dr. Ligon Marshall is remembered
as a handsome young man, and
always a gentleman. Perhaps the life
traditional life as a Country ^{gentleman} ~~gentleman~~
and rancher would have better suited
him as a life vacation, rather than
the Practice of Rural Medicine.

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I knew Cecil Marshall well, and as a relative of the Jacob ~~at~~ Warwick line sympathized with him. His Malady, at times, took the form of a "fixation" with numerous seizures continuing for days, threatening death - from exhaustion. I recall a visit, horse-back, in the winter of 1905 to his home to attend him. Night approaching when I arrived at the Day Branch of Elk, Harvey Doyle, (1872-1959) agreed to pilot me a "near way" or short-cut over the Mountains by the James Hedden ranch. In the forest and at night, even Harvey Doyle found difficulty on the trail, but we finally arrived late at night at the Marshall Home. The prolonged seizure of 4th the Grand Mal had about worn away, and I returned to Marlinton the next day. Cecil recovered, ~~at the time~~, living for several years thereafter.

I mention this as an incident of early ~~medical~~ practice of medicine, a ~~single horse~~ ^{visit}, more than fifty miles on horse, ~~328~~ hours of a pro time - fee fifteen Dollars.

Peyatt Marshall, the dominant brother, after the preliminary schooling and the death of Captain Marshall, married Mary Beatty, one of four beautiful and cultured sisters, and lived at the Marshall home. He Peyatt soon became Sheriff of Randolph County, early 20th Century, and the leading citizen of the Mingo Flats, in the heart of the English Colony, whose member of the best English life he had observed since his boyhood.

Sheriff Marshall developed fine executive ability, and added to the extensive Marshall lands. He was of fine appearance and personality, a leader in the community. I have been his guest, on one occasion called in professionally in some minor ailment of the children. When I, of course had occasion to observe and admire Mrs. Mary Marshall, for beauty and fine house-keeping and table service, as the happy mother of several children.

I will add that Peyatt and Mrs. Marshall are tenaciously loyal to their family physicians, Painsman as well, Dr. W. T. Camron. Long as he was available and able to treat them.

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fice, Sheriff Marshall assisted me
when called to attend an injured
Man, Charles Beale, Moritts of Dry Brand,
requiring amputation of the left thumb
from an axe wound.

Sheriff Peyatt Marshalls ~~son~~
death occurred, aged not ~~past~~ more
than fifty years, recalling the death of
yester night R. F. Currance. Peyatt
had sons who have become prominent
in Professional teaching careers, and
his wife Arthur Lawsons estate
"Duffys" added to the ^{rapidly} family lands.

~~Mrs~~ Mrs Mary Marshall lived
in tenaciously at the Marshall Place
for more than thirty years following
Peyatts death, dying in 1958.

The ancient homestead a ruin,
a new house was built near by
where she lived, with remains, until
the end; all her children removed
elsewhere, but supplying her with
every need; besides her own
right of tenure in extensive lands.
Only her sister, the remarkable Parthy
Howard survives of the George Beale
family.

In ~~the~~ the Autumn of 1945, while
returning from a call to the Moritts of

375 376
Dry Branch (old Road) I chanced
to meet Mrs Marshall, who was on
foot returning from a visit to neighbors
or tenants, perhaps. I ~~paused~~ I
stopped my auto for a brief salutation,
and regret I did not accept her
polite invitation to enter her home,
Near by - in my ~~hurry~~ ^{hurry} to
"return to base" from a "long call"
which formerly and on a horse would
have required ~~forty~~ ^{two} days.

Mrs Marshall was correctly dressed,
in some dark material, and of good
appearance, but in my brief pause, I
~~felt~~ thought the old vivacity gone.

Thinking this over, as I journeyed
home I wondered if ~~at~~ an almost
monastic life for thirty years, where
"only" picture and book remained,
together with age, could have caused
deterioration. (I then had not learned
to observe beauty in the faces of
the middle-aged and old.)

Later, I did intend to call on Mrs. Marshall
at some time, and talk about the Beauty
Sisters and her parents, but never did.

This I regret. Long after, within the
past three years, I learned from Leg or Louie
tenant on Marshall land, that "Mrs Marshall's
mind was unbalanced" ~~but she died~~
eventually at home, attended by her sons.

Friday - 12/18/89 377

3.30 A.M. - A gentle rain (winter)
yesterday and this morning. Bridge and
8th Street (2d and 3d Avenues) open for traffic
if necessary -

It is but a tent where takes his morning Rest
A Sultan to the Realm of Death addressed;
The Sultan rises and the Dark Ferrash
strikes, and prepares it for another guest.
Visited the open grave in forenoon; no one
in the Cemetery; T. Sumner McNeil, lat.
The tent of the Dark Ferrash over the grave -
an excellent modern custom

"When walking among the graves of your
fellows step carefully - Your own grave
lies open at your feet"

— Rudyard Kipling

I noted, with concern, no vault had been
provided - an oversight - as in Brother
Calvin's grave - prevents unsightly rising of earth.
Returned to the office, the day spent
pleasantly - ~~at~~ The new pavilion opened
for the funeral cortege - the first dead
man to pass over -

Promptly at 2 p.m. I put on my "Trunk
Coat" - with insignia the 14th Divisions (1918)
and repaired on foot to the Church. The
house was filled but got my preferred
seat, rear row.

A fine display of funeral exotic flowers,
which I approve at funerals - and hang the
expense - although the family had requested
that "Flowers be omitted".
When I entered the preacher ~~was~~
(either Pierce or Pines) was intoning through his

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Nose and without expression from the Word, followed by lengthy prayers — also without much grace. Educated, though young, Rev. Pierce (or Pinch) may learn of graduated length of days. The music (no voices) low on the new ^{pipe} Krammer-Jackson Organ, excellent.

I admired the exterior, interior and location of the Presbyterian Church, on the site of the old building, near the bridge and on Main Street of Marlinton. I was a member of the Building Committee in 1915 — and contributed Five Hundred

Dollars — well spent. Elder Edward David King, (a veteran and a good man) the Contractor-builder — at a record low price Ten Thousand Dollars — Complete. (1915).

The Benediction pronounced — lifelessly — ~~and~~ the large assembly arose as if by one impulse and hurried from ~~the~~ the room, as though pursued by the very Demons of unrest. The Portege and Mourners also left with needless haste, entered Autos and took off at speed.

I also arose from my rear seat, on the left of entrance, but stood my ground, — among the last to leave.

"Come one, Come all, this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."

— Rodenick Dhu.

"Vaya Con Dios."

Wed - 11/18/99 256

Clear - 3 PM - Below freezing, and result of a
"Montana" Blizzard. As usual,
left in a fireless room, windows open to
the north a bit cool for age. Road
and Bridge Building being hampered
by the freeze; delay in finishing due to
unwise, ~~delay~~ faulty engineering.
Mrs. Mary Vance McClutchie -
(1830-1910)

Named for her great-grandmother Mary
Vance Warwick; Mary Vance McClutchie,
devout, a Presbyterian from a girl. Those
hard to by example and discipline
to train and educate a turbulent
husband and five sons, all born
in the period of the Great War (1861)
all ~~are among~~ ^{have joined} the "innumerable host,"
and within the Covenant of grace.
In a quiet way, she was dominant in
the family; a landed proprietor in her
own right. One of the family enterprises
the McClutchie "grist" mill, processing
wheat, corn and buck-wheat, powered
by a "race" and "flume" turbine from
Leavada Creek. The mill a successor
of the Mrs. Phoebe McNeil Mill, written
of by my father, and where he as a
young boy carried "grists" horseback
also, as a boy toted horseback, ~~or~~ ^{on}
a mule, many grists to the McClutchie
mill, and awaited my turn for service.

257
Mr. Bell Hunt McClutchie, 1st husband of
Cousin Mary, of the Bell County family,
and veteran of the "Ball Squaders", the
Virginia Cavalry - a man of violent
temper, on occasion he was subject
to rages, approaching insanity in this
violence; possibly a ~~re-acting~~ ^{re-acting} from
~~the war~~ active service in war; a
divergence from that of many Confederate
Veterans, and all this remaining
life were noted for piety.

I have been told that at times, Mr.
Bell Hunt ~~had~~ had an aura of a
temperamental "fit" or explosions,
when he would warn his beloved
wife to "go in the house" so that she
would not be grieved by his violent
language and actions. At such
times he has been known to shoot
down refractory horses, or cattle,
and abandon their carcasses to the
fox and the raven.

I believe such behavior was rare,
and repented of and apologized for.
As the Manager of a large landed
estate, respected, even feared, by the
neighbors, as a man not to be
tampered with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutchie is
when on occasional visits to the
farm to gather cherries, at Cousin
Mary's invitations, and mindful

257
Mr. Bell Hunt McClutchie, Jr. husband of
Cousin Mary, of the Bath County family,
and veteran of the "Bath Squadron", of the
Virginia Cavalry. A man of violent
temper, on occasion he was subject
to rages, approaching insanity in this
violence; possibly a ~~spang-her~~ ^{spang-her} from
~~the war~~ active service in war; a
divergence from that of many Confederate
Veterans, also all their remaining
life were noted for piety.

I have been told that, at times, Mr.
Bell Hunt ~~has~~ had an aura of a
temperamental "fit" or explosions,
when he would warn his beloved
wife to "go in the house" so that she
would not be grieved by his violent
language and actions. At such
times he has been known to shoot
down refractory horses, or cattle,
and abandon their carcasses to the
fox and the crows.

I believe such violence was rare,
and regretted of and apologized for.
As the manager of a large landed
estate, respected, even feared, by the
neighbors, as a man not to be
tampered with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutchie is
when on occasional visits to the
farm to gather cherries, at Cousin
Mary's invitations, and mindful

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of our families needs. I stood in
awe of my cousin's husband, because of
his reputed violence; and on one
occasion meeting him, horseback, on
my farm, I thought he rather disapproved
of an agile youth over-running his
cherry trees. Derisively, his square
expression was habitual, misinterpreted.
At that time, the region abounded
~~both in sweet, cherry and black~~
cherry trees, usually growing from
seedlings in fence rows. This fine
fruit tree, like the chestnut, almost
extinct because of parasitic infections -

"We shall not admit that old stars
and brighter planets arise;
That the cere burs buds, and the
desert blooms
and the ancient well-head dries;
Or ~~and~~ with newer compass, newer
men adventure 'nearly new skies'."

The Matthews family cemetery is on
the hill at Mill Pond, where
Cousin Mary Vane McClintic and her
husband William Henry McClintic are
buried.

Lockhart Matthews McClintic was
educated as a Lawyer; spent his entire
life in Pocahontas County; served as
County attorney and member of the State

Legislature, and ²⁸⁹ successful as a
practicing attorney. By circumstance
he was denied his Principal Political
ambition to become Judge of the
Circuit, mainly because the office was
usually won by residents of the
more populous counties, Greenbrier
and Monroe. My friend Frank
D. Hill was defeated for Circuit Judge
at a time when his election appeared
to be assured, as has been related in
his memoir. Only once has this
well paid and honorable office been
filled by a Pocahontas County native.
Judge Sumner H. May, who yet lives
a citizen of Marlinton, No. Meade City.
Mrs "Jack" McClintic, Alice (or
Ollie) one of seven beautiful slaves
sisters, notable in their day, head
of Greenbrier at Bartow. She has
recently died at the great age 94
years, competent to the last.
Mr. McClintic died in 1928, and is
buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.
Surviving children; John H. McClintic
is a lawyer of Charleston and
partner in the Lewis & Beaver Dam
family estate together with Mrs Bettie
McClintic.
Captain John H. McClintic, a comrade
at the first officers training camp, Fort
Harris, May, 1914

It is needed the beautiful Hallie Patterson - / Lincum
is a niece of Mrs. Alice McClintic. She yet lives, married
the second time, in North Carolina.

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Mrs J. H. McClintic the daughter of the late
C. A. Derrison, who came from Hagerstown
Maryland, as is remembered as McKeever
of the Derrison family. Her mother, the
name a combination of Derrison and
Maryland. Mrs. McClintic, ~~blindness~~, was
crippled in ~~her~~ early middle life from
the effects of anti-rabies vaccine
administered. A house dog was
pronounced rabid. For a time
her life was despaired of, and she
also became nearly blind. The
danger of the vaccine is admitted,
even in its present form, especially
if given in the absence of wound
or dog-bite. Rabies, usually
in human life, occurs from the bite
of animals, is a terrible and
incurably fatal infection; so the
~~an~~ occasional risk of anaphylaxis
must be endured.

Personally, I do not like house
dogs; in this I agree with Bernard
Shaw, who recommended a tiger,
or especially a cheetah, to his friend
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as a companion
in age. Bernard said he had
tried the last - a cheetah.

The tragic death of young George
McClintic, aged 8 years, commented -
this occurred from falling from a horse
and trampling while returning with

with companions from Battling in Knapps
Creek, year ²⁶¹ ~~1898~~ 1896-
Mrs. Mary McClintic - Hendy, twice
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton
for a good many years she was
deputy-clerk of the County Court,
and widely known to County people
and in Clarksburg. Over a period of years, she has
been collecting stamps, and has an
extensive and valuable collection.

A strange mortality has prevailed
in the Mattheos-McClintic family;
now in the sixth generations of the
Jacob Warwick line -

Miss Lockhart McClintic, only
daughter and child of Mr. John Ware,
and Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore
who live on a portion of the Levay's
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second
year student at Wellsley ^{College} and
is the only survivor in her
generation of the McClintic
family in Pocahontas County -
~~elsewhere, as is known to me.~~
Laura Lock McClintic, my relative
and much older than I, sometimes

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with companions from Battiney in Knapps
Creek, year ~~1898~~ 1896-

Mrs. Mary McClintic - Hendy, twice
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton
for a good many years she was
deputy-clerk of the County Court,
and widely known to County people
and in Charleston. Over a period of years, she has
been collecting stamps, and has an
extensive and valuable collection.

A strange mortality has ~~arisen~~
in the Mattheos-McClintic family,
now in the sixth generations of the
Jacob Warwick line.

Miss Lockhart McClintic, only
daughter and child of Mr. John Moore,
and Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore
who live on a portion of the Levay's
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second
year student at Wellesley College, and
is the only survivor in her
generation of the McClintic
family in Pocahontas County -
~~elsewhere, far as is known to me.~~
Langer Lock McClintic, my relative
and much older than I, sometimes
differs violently on matters of public
policy, after I gained a seat on the
County Court but always courteous.

In his last years ²⁶² we were sympathetic
relatives and friends.

Both Cousins "Lock" and "Wiz"
were social drinkers, in their youth
and manhood on occasion. Once
I attended, by invitation, a banquet
~~but~~ and drinking party
given by the contractor Mr. Griffin
for the stone work on the new Court
house then in course of building,
the year 1894.

Griffin and his nephew, the King
brothers and Larry May, married
for the winter in Marlinton because
of Pocahontas County was in financial
trouble, due to Sheriff Mayor
Crump's arrogant shortage in the
cash - and the depression of 1893 -

Brother Sam and Andrew were
among the guests; also the Bar
Associations of the County; Perhaps
other of the "Court House Ring."

The meeting place the C. A. Yeager
Hotel, Mrs Alice (Allie) Yeager
Hostess. I was strangely out

of place, a youth of twenty years, who
totally abstained from drinking
and the mild gambling following.

I enjoyed the banquet, marvelled
at the antics of some of the
exhilarated guests, and left early!
But that is another story.

I have referred ²⁶³ to differences of Public Policy with Cousin "W.B.". In the year 1916 I was a candidate for re-election to the County Court. The previous year had witnessed the gigantic effort to complete the concrete-steel bridge, replacing the wooden arch structure, one of the State of Virginia "internal improvements" bonded - at the strategic fording junction of three Turnpike Roads - also bonded internal improvements.

I may her state, forcibly, that a healthy remembrance of "The Internal Improvement Bonds", antedating the Civil war of 1860, largely kept the Mother State of Virginia on a "pay-as-you-go" Policy to this day, an example that could well have been followed in the year 1920, and for the forty years just past, in the matter of building roads, Bridges and public co-educational schools and colleges, - especially "Turnpike".

W 1916, ~~Woodrow~~ Wilson

Thursday 11/19/59 264

3:30 am - a record record-
breaking freeze (Nov. 13, 1911-16+) Last
night reported in Charleston, 10+. The
year 1911 remembered as a "Dry year."
Pouring Cement stopped, for a time, the
to. dries clear, no snow, as yet.

In 1916 a beginning had been made
hard surface, the ^{road} south of town,
far as the Kee Flats; where the road
to Swago leaves the Pike, to again
join at Buckeye, the distance being
about equal. It was known that
I favored the old route, Mr. Withrow
McClutic strongly in favor of the
new. He argued for the new
location; also discussed the matter,
with some heat, with me personally.
(In Parenthesis, I will add, in 1926
the Swago road prevailed, at present
part of 219. I still think its status
should be that of a secondary road.)

Because of this, and other matters,
"W" opposed me actively, both for
re-nominations and in the primary,
and general election, heretofore
mentioned; going so far as to have
a pamphlet printed (signed); among
other crimes, stating I had written
against President Wilson's famous
"preparedness" address of the previous
year, therefore high treason. A
vulnerable point in my record on
the commission, and its claimant, was

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we had, illegally, run the Bridge
Livy ~~into~~ in advance one year, 1915,
in order to raise the gigantic sum
of \$17,500 to complete the Greubier
River Bridge, at Martinsburg, a project
especially promoted by me. Had the
question been raised at that time, the
entire Board could, probably, have
removed from office, as exceeding its
authority in its ambitious attempts
to build Bridges.

Mr. Jacob Carey, of Huntersville, was
my opponent in the Primary election.
Jacob Carey had come to Pocahontas
from Hagerstown, therefore an outlander.
His upbringing as a Catholic not
favored by some, at that time "day
and time", as the saying goes. But
I won the nomination in the May primary, 1916.
Jacob Carey was an able woods
foreman, who about the year 1924
met death by violence, while foreman
for the Wilson Lumber Company, in Leslie
County, Kentucky; it is supposed
in some labor trouble, his death
being made to appear an "accident"
on a logging railway. He was
a good man.

In the general election (Presidential
and Hotly Contested) the County cast
a total of 3255 votes; my total
1655. Mr. ~~Carey~~ 1600, my luck holding
as I still commanded a good part of

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the "Northern" vote. The mill men
buckling to some extent my ambitious
Road and Bridge Building.
Like Cresser, I was said to be "ambitious",
dominating the Commission, in one
particular retaining the Chairmanship,
or "President of the Court" the entire
term of six years, 1910-1916 inclusive.

As stated, at length, heretofore I
had discovered the rare faculty of
concentrating on a subject for hours
without fatigue; also, in developing
well laid plans - knowing your own
mind -; refusing to wander "on the
plains of indecision," and thus prevail.
Such political Philosophy, when put
in effect, necessarily is not popular
in public life.

President Woodrow Wilson nearly
beaten for re-election; so close, in fact,
Charles Evans Hughes was declared the
winner on early returns; to be
upset by the California vote, when
officially counted; that state supposed
to be Republican in sentiment.
The leading Republican at the time
in California a "son of the wild
beast" named Hiram Johnson,
life unto today, Judge Earl Warren.
Senator Hiram Johnson was aggrieved by
your favored elect but on him

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by an admirable Hughes in the
Campaign, and retaliated; and
Wilson was re-elected by the skin
of his teeth!

By 1916, the World War in Europe had
settled down to High explosives, trenches,
Poison gas, & Cilia. America was
prospering, lending money and selling
"Munitions of War" to the "Allies".
With Wilson's secret approval.

Nevertheless, his Slogan, "He Kept
us out of war," and "Preparedness"
was popular with the ignorant, the
and thoughtless, to some extent.
A somnolent War Department
awoke and began recruiting, especially
the Medical Reserve Corps; & and
many others being invited to join up
by a form letter from the Surgeon
General. Never a "Pacifist," and
open to reason on President Wilson's
"Preparedness" platform, I journeyed
to Washington, was examined by Lt. Col.
McIntosh, M.C., in the Medical
Library, and duly recommended for
a Commission as 1st Lt. Med. R.C.
~~Being duly~~ signed by the Commander
in Chief of the Army: ^{following date} Aug. 22, 1916.

This Commission carried me, along

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with Woodrow W. Wilson, into active
duty, when war was declared
by the Congress, April 6, 1917 - being
called "to the colors" the following
~~May~~ by telegram, the May 25, 1917.

Woodrow William Wilson

To his intimates, "Bill" Wilson, a life-
long Ivy League mate, a civilian,
called from his Ivory tower to be
Governor of New Jersey, going on to
be President of the United States.
A student of history, unable to
learn from the past, through the
author of books, entranced by
ideals of "a League of Nations",
and confronted with a disagreeable
"war to end wars"! By virtue of
his high office, Commander in
Chief of the "forces"!

His equally naive Secretary of War
Gree Newton David Baker, "Newt" to
his intimates and the Army and Navy;
in no degree measuring up to his
~~the~~ responsibilities, fulfilling in
his high office the description of
in "The Book of Wits and
"a servant whom he beigneth, con-
fusion to the end."

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A "Good Man" educated, Literate,
Bill Wilson did not measure up to
the new the leech, of being a "great"
President. His long, rainy death,
caused by "paralysis", in late middle
age, that of a man "Cursed ~~by~~ of
his Maker" obstinately holding on
from a sick bed to his high office.
He did much that was well in
his reign, - lacked understanding.

A Wilsonian cult of Politicians,
and others, at one time attempted
to build him up as a mythological
strong man, describing his manner
of death as being a "War Casualty".
If true, it was because of inability
to meet, and enjoy, responsibility,
and "rejoice as a strong man to run
a race;" and under the Blessing of
the Almighty granted long life.
Wilson had no luck.

In the Book of Kings, Israel had far
more rulers that "Did evil" than the
few recorded as "wise and did
good" during this period. ~~Did~~ That
which was right in the sight of the
Almighty. We all are taught to seek
after wisdom, and meditate upon it,
both day and night.

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The excellent Mrs. W. W. Wilson, dying
in the White House; she was sincerely
mourned by her husband. She left
in his care three marriageable daughters,
highly "educated" and uncertain age,
all three soon married, usually as
"plural wives," ~~as to eligible~~ "contracts"
while residing in the "White House".

Mr. Wilson, still President and in
his second term, highly "eligible"
a frequenter of State Society and the
Presbyterian Church, had time to cast
an appraising eye on the ladies.

If time permits, at age 85, I shall
write a book - at the least a chapter
on the implications of spiritually of
true "Marriage"; the true union
of souls - as well as bodies.
Pure and faithful, enduring "in
the air", not "until death does us
part," - as falsely incorporated in
the usual "religious ceremony" is
favored by Hollywood ~~characters~~
and ~~also~~ the pampered "Rich".

The subject is intriguing, and of
endless imaginings and intuitions.

There is no record that King
David or even his son King Solomon
had more than one true, Virginal wife.

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Although the strange customs of the
East permitted these wise Rulers to
have many Morganatic wives and
Concubines; and many sons and
daughters born in their palaces; all
"Vandy and vexations of spirit," as
the poet truly wrote.

As Trader Horn remarked to his
guest writer, or apothecary, a bit of humor
must be added to any memory:

I quote:
Solomon and David led merry,
Merry lives;
Had many Concubines and many
many wives; (Morganatic?)
But when old age came creeping on
with its many, many grinders,
Solomon wrote the Proverbs,
and David wrote the Psalms."

On the other hand President Wilson
had no "wisdom, or knowledge," of
the demands on a legally "Married"
Husband by a Modern American
wife. In addition to being chinically
over-fed at home and in hotels,
he is carried to "dinners," Church
or state; forced to wear "store
teeth," a long, uncomfortable clothes,
and endless, increasing "nagging"
as the helpless "subject" grows older.

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Denied the repose of a "Nursing home" or "Poor House" because of his "Position in Society," and freedom from nagging, there is nothing left but death!

Enough. The subject will be expanded in a forth-coming book, unique in its field.

Briefly, President Bill Wilson was caught almost at the first cast of the hook, by the attractive, childless, widow Edith Ballenger, thus securing for a time, her name in history, of the distinguished Princess Pocahontas descent, a talisman of oodles! Besides, she had wealth, her deceased former husband a predatory Washington Jeweler! She never bore children, therefore unfortunate; though "armed and equipped for the same."

She "went along" to the Versailles Peace Conference. There is documented evidence she had ~~her husband~~ at no end of club dinners, as well as state functions, while Wilson's associates Clemenceau and Lloyd George "Marked the Cards" and formed an unholy alliance to double cross and have ~~Bill~~ Bill Wilson lose our Collection, National Trust at the sessions that followed.

Friday 11/20/59 273

^{4 AM}
a frosty night, rising temperatures. Concrete
work resumed on street, bedded with straw-
coats? The late "frost" favorable for the
Persimmon - a fine fruit - if eaten ripe,
and judiciously. I esteem it a special
"Providence" to have grown a fine tree
in Breckinridge County, where it is rare.
Eaten as food, slightly laxative and
diuretic.

~~Drunk with light~~
"If ~~we~~ ^{we} ~~lose~~ ^{lose} of Power we loose
vain ~~things~~ that have not ~~them~~ in awe;
such boasts as the Gentle use,
or ~~and~~ lesser Breeds, without the Law -
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget. Lest we forget.

In Europe, President Wilson, flattered
~~Crowned~~ with "World Leadership";
His notions and utterances hailed as
little ~~short~~ of inspirations; befuddled
with an impractical "League of
Nations"; forerunner of "United Nations";
Also unworkable - as yet - in an
Earth planet whose peoples and
races are, for the most part, "Ruled
by Servants."

Returning, with Mrs. Edith Bolling
Wilson, the President disconcerted by
finding the Nation largely not
interested in his Messianic notions;
and the Senate refusing to ratify
his top-heavy Peace Treaty, along
with the League of Nations; a
leading opponent ~~Senator~~ ^{House} of Missadith.

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Followed Dr. ^{Woodrow} William Wilson
"Sales talk" for a League of Nations,
a dismal failure; his stroke, Paralysis,
ruled as a "war casualty" by the Wilson cult,
and early death; but plainly due to bad
diet, and ^{lack of} proper exercise with the ax, the
shovel and the hoe, "in the sweat of his
brow"; his only known "exercise" an
occasional round of "Diabetic" Golf, as
stated ~~diagnosed~~ by Henry L. Manker
in Mercury Magazine.

Unless the Lord keep the house, they
Labor in vain that build it. Unless
My Lord keep the City, the Watchman
watcheth in vain - (Isaiah)

It is not my purpose to write of Recent
American History, notably the reigns
of the False Prophets Harding,
Coolidge and Lord Herbert Hoover,
in the Roaring Twenties and
early Thirties of the Century.
Fare! and Farewell!

Dr Frank I. McClintic -
Class 1884, a recent graduate in Medicine
Dr McClintic came, from Bath County,
Virginia, locating at Edray. Of
excellent training and habits; Personable.
The young doctor ambitious and
eager that the young Doctor was
successful. A fine horseman,

And always well mounted, he used riding horses, exclusively in his for-pleasure practice. ~~The Doctor~~

Doctor McClinton, and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Warwick Fegor were married, ~~and soon thereupon~~ second daughters of Cousin Lallie Fegor, at Clover Lick, were married; soon thereafter moving to Hillsboro, where a fine ~~residence~~ house was built about 1891; this house a frame structure, ^{still} in excellent repair, owned and occupied (1959) by Mr. Fenton Chapman, retired R.R. Engineer aged 84 years. ~~For~~ The three Chapman brothers, ^{Frank, Fenton and George} ~~came from Ireland~~, when about grown, locating in Marlinton year 1888; and for a time the three young bachelors winter of that year the three young bachelors occupied the "Tall House" as quarters.

Here I will write something of the brothers, Frank, Fenton and George. I have a vivid remembrance when they wintered "at the Tall House"; I, at least of ~~former~~ thirteen years, at times visited them and sat before the fireplace, indifferently "stoked" with green wood; recalling the efforts of the Irish boys, and their

My recent conversations with Mr. Feintors, he does not appear to have remembered of the "hard winter" at the Fall House, 1888-89. Stories of his youth in Ireland prepared.

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unaccustomed to Frontier life, even in the matter of open wood fires. of the higher class "Irish immigrants" educated; it was evident they were not well supplied with money; had come a considerable way to better their ~~fortune~~ as a youth with about three years experience on the "Frontier"; could appreciate the Irishman's predicament, and a sympathetic of service of their early struggle to "Survive." They were "Norths of Ireland" folk, therefore Protestants. Their presence on our frontier rather than in ~~the~~ large centres, they have been due to the English-Irish settlement of "Penitence Men," but not of the colony, being "landless." Following their "hard winter" in the Fall House, the Chapmans got employment in the Levels as farm workers, at the prevailing wage fifteen Dollars a month (or less) and board. For a time Feintors worked for Mr. W. J. McNeil. All three survive, at a great age, Frank and George in Missouri; have kept in touch, and successful. ~~Very~~ Cora Dorr. Friends of my youth.

Sat-11/21/59

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3.30 AM - A mild night, though frosty. Left
Rested well - 7 pm - 3 AM - before an
open window. An item in the "Journal"
(local paper) says "Dr. Norman Price
because of legionary, and connections of
the Rich family in the history of three
bridges, invited to drive his car, the first
over the bridge, when opened for use.
"one more River to Cross; "Roll, Jordan, Roll;"

Of late, I have been impressed with
the possibility of sentient life of the
spirit and reunion of souls, "in the
air". Not a nebulous and far-off
"Heaven or Hell" - a reading of
Hans Anderson story, "The Little
Mermaid," inspirational. It may
be "Guardian Angels, yet that exceed
in strength; that do His Commandments"
Explanatory of John Burroughs
Verses: "What

Lerene, I fold my hands and wait;
What is my own will come to me."

And again -

What if the soul ^{could} cast the dust aside,
and naked on the air of Heaven ride;
were it not a shame ^{to} abide!
In this clay carcass ^{to} abide!

My first meeting Dr. Frank T. McMillan,
whom he was called to attend Brother
James, Autumn 1885; shortly after we
reached this frontier, he having been

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been kicked in the face by Uncle
Andrew McFarlane's favorite killing
mule, ~~my~~ mule, named "John";
knocked out, his nose broken.

This occurred a Sunday evening,
visiting, and driving in the stock ~~from~~
~~the range~~. Fortunately, he was
struck at extreme ^{kicking} range, while erect;
otherwise the "John's" accurate ~~slow~~ kick
may well have been fatal.

Dr. McClintic was James was brought
home, and Dr. McClintic summoned,
from Edray, by messenger, who rode
the mule ~~to John~~ at top speed.

I have a vivid remembrance of ~~of~~ all
it squarely between the eyes, his nose
broken, the victim carried a noticeable
depression and slight deformity of the
nose through life.

Dr. McClintic had a wide practice
in the Little Belts District, until he
abruptly quit medical and surgical
work to go into real estate and
lumber, in which he was highly successful
removing to Marlinton and building a fine
brick mansion, about the year 1907.
The largest stockholder and President
the First National Bank until his death
which occurred in 1930, due to a
"coronary occlusion," at age seventy.
Early interested in the new autos,

The Doctor operated one of the first cars in Marlinton, and also mended in a large ~~gas~~ Public garage business. Twice this car mixed up in accidents with resulting injuries; first to a "Jay-Walker" named ~~Buck~~ Jesse Buckshannon, the ~~which~~ I witnessed on the street in Marlinton that I witnessed from my office windows. The car moving slowly, the aged Mr. B. heedlessly crossing the street, the victim touched the left front fender with his right hand, then gently fell down, or was pushed down, the front wheel ~~etc~~ of the light car rolled slowly over his prostrate body, and came to rest.

Buckshannon ~~ruined~~ "complained", was taken to the hospital; an inguinal hernia found, (which probably existed before the accident) and the wealthy Buckshannon sued for damages - auto insurance not yet evolved.

The ageing Attorney Charles Curry, former "strong man" of Rockinghams County, was employed by the Buckshannon, and came from Stanzas to prosecute with his famed oratory, somewhat creaked by age. Lawyer Curry proclaimed in his address to the jury Dr. McClintock had heedlessly and recklessly charged down the street - thus a ~~lost~~ Madam Highway, at speed of twenty-five miles or more, which was

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refuted by eye-witnesses — myself and others — Mr. Buckham, after all the fuss and hurry of a circuit court trial was settled with a payment of a few hundred; and his more than offered \$1000 trial to cover expenses.

On another ~~the~~ other ~~the~~ week, the collision with a car driven by Miss Anna Wallace at the Leebury Road Junction with No. 219, and in which Miss Cera Cloonan suffered a compound fracture of ~~the~~ leg. This appeared to be a case of negligence, and unavoidable by all involved. Miss Cloonan a passenger in the Wallace Ford car. a "Convertible" Model 7.

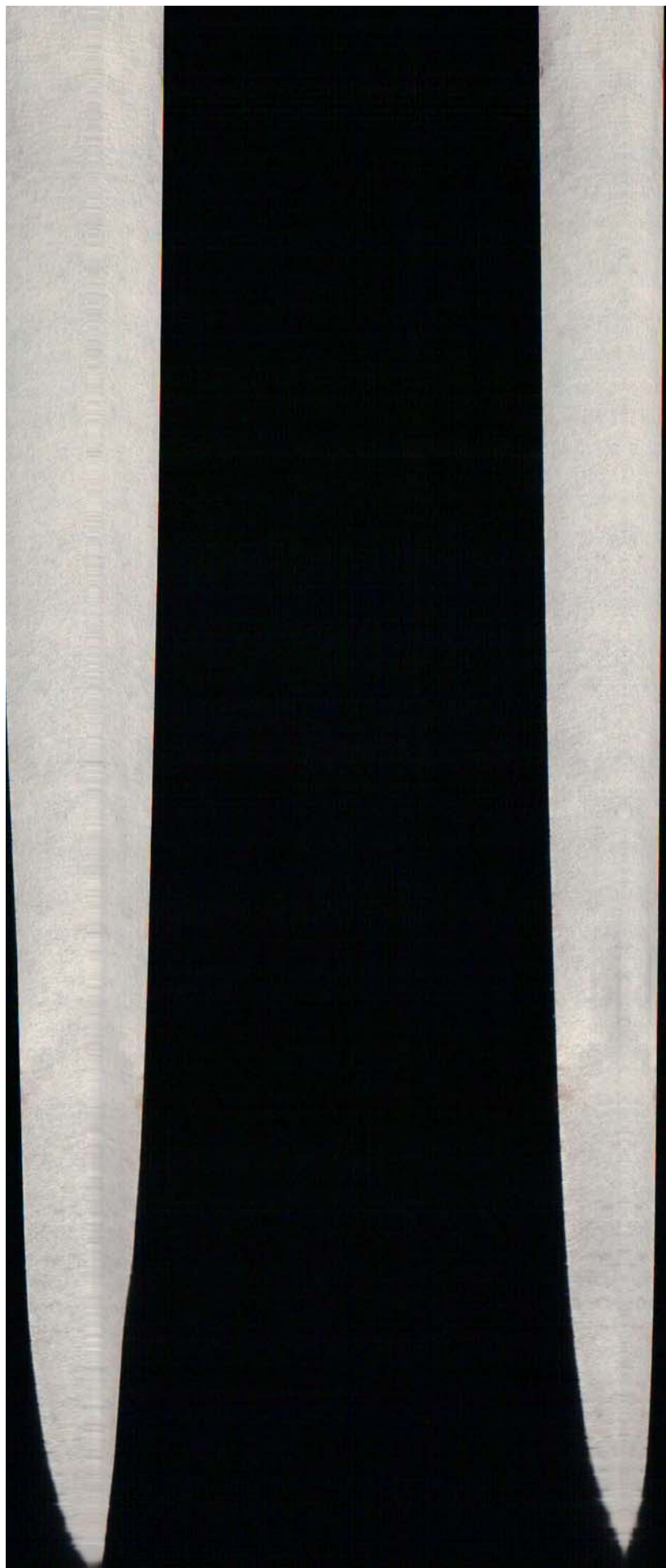
Cousin Lizzie McClutchie's four beautiful daughters, Genevieve, Lucille, Merle and Elise, all born while the family lived in Hillsboro. All four were sent to finishing schools for young ladies. In later life, only Miss Merle chose not to marry; and the four sisters — Genevieve and Lucille widowed — live in Savannah, Georgia.

As stated heretofore, the notable Mrs. Janice Baldwin - Skyles ~~is~~ resided in Savannah at her death, and was a friend of Mrs. Lucille McClutchie while.

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Dr. McIntire once told me that the
only "Real money" he had ever
made as a Rural Physician in our
County, about the year 1896, when
an epidemic of smallpox occurred
in the Logging Camp of Captain
Daniel O'Connell, then cutting
the virgin White Pine timber in the
Burr Valley and adjacent Beaver
Lick Mountains, and "splashed"
down Laurel Run to Greendree River.
At that time smallpox was greatly
feared, and when cases appeared
a general quarantine was proclaimed
by the County Court, as late as
~~1914~~ 1914, all three Commissioners
drove a livery rig to Slate Fork
on Elk River to "quarantine" small-
pox cases in a Logging Camp.

The disease in a modified form,
then referred to as "Varioloid" and
not "Confluent Variola".

In the year 1896, universal vaccination
was in order, and, although I formerly
vaccinated ~~is not~~ at one year I
suffered a thorough inoculation.
An athletic youth, I was surprised
by the febrile symptoms, "Night
Sweats" and malaise I suffered
as a result of a simple sore on my back!



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The results ~~was~~ was thorough,
because when routinely vaccinated
on entering the Army, in 1917, it did
not "take".

In 1896 the County Court proclaimed
an embargo, ~~stationed~~ & geared on droop
mountain prohibiting travel, cases
of smallpox ^{measles} discovered in Greenbrier
County. But cases broke out in
Den. O'Connell's Camp on Laurel Run.

About fifty in number; the ~~men~~
were forbidden to leave camp, and
work largely suspended. The
job was prosperous, and the
Doctor riding perhaps ten miles
or even spending days in camp,
together in camp.

Every general practitioner of
medicine is familiar with general
alarm in the presence of epidemic
disease and the "cold plague" of
the pioneers, as builders of practice
smallpox at the camp was not
universal, and no deaths occurred
fugates is known.

Thirty years after the White pine
was logged, the hard woods were
cut by Mr. Dennis's Mill at
Dennis.
This interesting region of Laurel

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Run and Beaver Fork Mountain,
is, in part, abounding in Deer, ~~to~~
wild turkey, and lesser fauna,
including the Poisonous ~~adder~~ Tumor
Rattlesnake; it, in part, comprises
the "Carl Price State Park," of about
ten thousand acres; a reflected
honor to the Price Family, of the Jacob
Warwick Line.

Mrs. Elizabeth Legon - McClutic
death occurred in 1912, after following
a lingering heart failure; quietly
at her home in Marlinton
patiently and quietly borne. She
was buried in the Warwick family
Cemetery on the elevated plateau
or terr-plain, at Clover Lick,
where her grandmother, twice
removed, Mary Vance Warwick
lies in ~~her~~ grave, yet unmarked.

The McClutic family are
Episcopalians; the Chapel in Marlinton
of that denomination the work
of their hands.

Dr. Frank J. McClutic, real estate
Dealer, Bank President, Capitalist,
suffered severe financial loss in the
"Debacle of 1929, and after, when
the first National Bank in Marlinton
along with the other County banks,
Five in Number also were "Re-organized."

Lindsey - 11/22/59 284
Lay abed Ten hours,
dinner and forty. The previous day,
rising at 5 a.m. "Alert" 16 hours of 24. November 21, 1959
Brother James' day of birth (1868) - his
age 91 years; died May 7, 1946 - Kaya
Cora Dies. Brother Calvin born Nov. 28,
1880; died June 15, 1957. Jean Kinsey Price
November 23, 1880; died March 10, 1928. all
"Purged of Pride", ~~have~~ their spirits,
have joined other elect spirits, "in
the air" - Kaya Cora Dies.

As a result of the Bank "shake-down",
the Banks of Durbin and Hillsboro,
were with their remaining assets, were
absorbed by Brother James' Prices Bank
of Marlinton; and the Farmers and
Merchants, Judge S. H. Lerp, President
removed to Franklin, Pendleton County,
where a local Bank had also folded.
The words "Bank Holiday", then
coined - of bitter memory - financially
speaking.

Dr. McClutic continued as President
of the First National Bank in Marlinton
until his death, which followed a
short illness (Coronary occlusion)
in the year 1933 aged seventy.
Frank McClutic won his "Bachelor's
Night Cup" ~~thirty~~ years following the
death of his beloved wife Lizzy
W. Lyon. His body buried in the Warrier
Cemetery at Clover Hill. Kaya Cora Dies.

Monday - 11/23/59 285

4 Am
Sam Kinsey's Birth-day, Nov. 23, 1880 - 89
(79). Rectory, Faglar County, Virginia.
Yesterday, Climbed Persimmon tree, and
gathered a large quantity, frozen fruit, -
Nature's own "Deep Freeze". In the
afternoon walked in the forest and
meadow. Found all in excellent
shape for winter; the meadow sod
heavy; the forest, "as an oak tree, whose
substance is within them when they
have shed their leaves." - Locally, in
Sunday morning frosty; the day
mild, sunny.

There is virtue in retaining ancestral
Land - and luck. "Grow trees
and live long," a true adage.

Happy the man whose thought and
a few ^{care} ancestral acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air
On his own ground.

His trees in summer give him shade;
In winter, fire. - Alexander Pope.

The Burgess Family in Pocahontas.
Dr. W. T. Price's County History has an account
of the Burgess clan in New York,
Virginia, and our County, Pocahontas.
John Burgess, Sr., veteran of the
Revolution, and an artilleryman at
the decisive battle, Saratogo, 1777,
removing from York State after the

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Devolution, settled near Harrisonburg.
His son John Burgess, Jr. came
to the Levels and founded the local
branch of the family. ^{Supplementary}
Additional members of this interesting
group were set down.

John Burgess, Jr. was a skillful
builder and worker in wood and iron.
Some specimens of his work remain;
notably the Sherman Clark House and
the Jordan barn, near Hillsboro.

In later life he removed to the Grace
Flat, head of Devago, where he lived
and lies buried, atop a high
knoll, viewed from the head of
Beaver Dam Creek vicinity. A
love of ancestral land is marked
in his descendants, though never
large land holders, or wealthy.
Their habitations on the high ranges
of the Williams River and on Laurel
Creek.

The name Burgess is Irish.
~~of Irish descent.~~ Far removed from
educational advantages, their families
usually large, the descendants of John
Burgess sometimes lived in huts and
huts with near "earthly" floors,
such as are described in Carlyle's
"Latter Days" as typical of bog-
dwelling Irish families, or Thomas
Irish Immigrant near Concord, Mass.
once, when visiting the family of Mrs.

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Hammah ~~Dolan~~ Burgess - Daleen, near
in the Maroon Chapel vicinity, I approached
the house walking on planks laid on
muddy ground, and continued in the
house on planks on the bare ground
as a "floor". The time of the year
was late spring, the family however
spent the winter under such conditions.
Nevertheless, the average intelligence
of the Burgess's was high; some of its
members thinkers and researchers after
truth.

In recent years with
economic and educational opportunity
remarkable progress has been made
by some, particularly in the Kines
branch of the family.

Of an ancient heritage, if not
"born on Irish soil", most have been
dependable citizens; hard workers,
honest; ~~warriors~~ ~~men of war~~; The women
pure, the men faithful.

James Burgess, who has recently
died aged 84 at his home at Laurel
Creek, head of Stony Creek, all his long
life a reader and thinker, but not
content with his lot. His wife ~~the~~
Matter Barlow, only child of John Wesley
Barlow, ~~the~~ Veteran Civil War, 1861, and
Matter Barlow - Burgess a strong minded
woman in her own right and a landed
proprietor, who reared a family of twelve

Mother Margaret Moore - Barlow

"on her own ground." and still lives
 past eighty years. Her life has, at
 times, been stormy, but marked by a
 spirit of independence and courage,
 truly admirable. ~~Not very~~ Quite
 recently on a casual meeting in the
 street, Mrs. Burgess remarked, ~~that~~ in
 effect, she had no patience with Dollars,
 and enjoined me not to become "Dotty"!
 In Church "Class", James Burgess has
 been known to arise and with eloquence
 and at length declaim, gathering from
 memory the Psalms, and Isaiah.

A year or two before his death, Jim
 Burgess called at my office for treatment
 of a face wound. The day before
 he was struck on the cheek by a rock,
 accurately thrown, and with malice,
 by a daughter-in-law. Mr. Burgess
 told me he had come, also, to "swear
 out a Warrant" for the woman.

After dressing his wound, which I did
 complimentary as a service to an old
 friend, we discussed the emergency,
 and kindred topics. I reminded
 Brother Burgess, that as an aged
 believer and in charity when "struck on
 one cheek, turn the other also," to which
 he assented.

~~After~~ In conversation I quoted the
 opening line of Cowper's Hymn;

"God moves in a mysterious way his
wonders to perform."
To my surprise, James Burgess took
up the verse and repeated the whole
poem.

I also reminded friend James that
"the female of the species ~~was~~ more
deadly than the male," and should
be borne with to the death, if necessary.

No "warrant" was applied for, and
James Burgess returned to his home.
He made excellent recovery from his
facial wound.

Following his death, which occurred in
1968, his step-son Clarence Barlow,
remarked to me he "Reckoned James
Burgess was at East Content".
He had a good heart, and is of the
Covenant of Grace. ~~Vaya Per Dios~~

Clarence Barlow, "natural" son of Mrs.
Mattie Burgess, born before her marriage
to friend James Burgess, is a skilled
and useful blacksmith, his shop near
my residence Junction 219 and the
Jerdicho Road. A Veteran of 1914
Veterinary Corps, whose principal ~~Army~~
duty during his Army "stitch" was
shoeing Army mules - sufficiently
hazardous. Now in his 64th
year he enjoys a pension awarded
by a grateful Country's Government.

Mention must be made of the remarkable
 Hannah Burgess-Dolan-Coleyne,
 younger sister of James, and who has also
 recently died aged 77 years.
 In her blooming youth well remembered
 by me as a vigorous, hustling,
 talkative Irish-American lass, resident
 of the Beaver Dam, head of Williams
 River.

Growing up ^{under} true pioneering
 conditions in the then "Wilderness"
 of the Williams River, Hannah Burgess
 had many adventures, and I have
 heard, in my youth, stories repeated
 of her boldness and courage
 in repelling successfully, unscrupulous
 males whose intentions may have
 been something less than honorable
 as regards the female.

However ^{she} fell in love, fate being
 unkind, she bore a "natural" son,
 christened with his father's name,
 and who ~~was~~ was when a young enlisted
 in the army, and slain in the war.
 His G.I. insurance named Hannah his
 mother Beneficiary; Hannah at ~~that~~ the
 time the wife of George Dolan and
 the mother of a family of ~~eight~~ nine.
 Does ^{not} need less to say the monthly
 payments over a period of twenty years
 appreciated.

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George Dolan, Irish, woodman and
logger on River Drives, a powerful
man, who worked, when work was
available in the Camps; a dutiful family
man, turning over his earnings to Mrs
Burgess regularly; usually in a good
humor, faithful and no drinkard.
George came to Rochester in the early & late
19th Century from Pennsylvania older
than his wife; passing his days for all
most part in the lumber Camps. His life
was obscure, dying in 1920, he has
passed from history.

Mr. Burgess once exhibited to
me "two lovely black eyes," which she
explained had been given her by
George Dolan as discipline during
an argument or difference of opinion.
She did not appear resentful;
only slightly grieved about the
occurrence; seemed in a Spartan
School!

I was quite frequently called to her home
to attend the children in minor sickness,
but rarely, if ever, to prescribe for their
mother, apparently never ill. All her
children born without attendance, other
than the "old women."

Always valuable, Hannah loved to
talk, but never vulgar or profane,
and usually with a solemn face.
Particularly when advanced in years.

a skilled horse-woman ²⁹² from youth. She
~~left~~ always riding astride. She knew
horse flesh and appeared well in the saddle,
erect and apt at speed. Mrs. Dolan
once confided to me she "had no patience"
with complaining women; for herself
never a pain in the head, back, or even
headache; a truly remarkable record.
Horse-riding, child bearing and hard
work had done her no injury, she claimed.
Her new wealth, formerly money, from
her first-born son, slain in the war, made
no difference in Mrs. Dolan's manner of life,
except that she bought a small farm
and log cabin on a side road in the
woods near Marvin Chapel, and ceased
to live a nomadic life as a tenant on
leased ground. A "high standard" of
living, in tenement and dress, did not
appeal to Mrs. Dolan. Who spent her
money for that which is breed. True,
she opened a bank account, and though
not literate, invariably tendered a
check for ~~the~~ goods and services. Not
skilled in book-keeping, her account
was usually over-drawn at the Bank,
the book-keeper good-naturedly
keeping a special file and paying Mr. Clark
in order, far as her monthly deposit would
go, in order of issuing. No recipient was
ever known to protest Mrs. Hannah Dolan,
Clark, a gold-star Mother! Unlike
"Ben Burden's Note," not "good as gold."

The Reference is to ²⁹³ his ancient Land Grant
of Benjamin Burden, and comes down from
an early day in the Valley of Virginia.
On my occasional Professional Visits
Hannah's Check was invariably accepted with
thanks. Mr. Dolan's account was never
unreasonably over-drawn, and I think all
checks eventually paid, without protest.
I was satisfied with a check, heartless
breeders, storekeepers, had the privilege
of demanding Cash and Carry.

Mr. Dolan once remarked to me that
Frank Hunter (my brother in law) always
treated her courteously, as he could
well do, as she "gave all her business"
to the Bank of Marlinton!

Following the death of George Dolan
and in late Middle Age, Mrs. Dolan
married ~~the~~ Adeline Collogue, an
outlander unknown to me personally,
advanced in years, and in her last days,
her children far away, Hannah had
some one to talk to. Both are now
numbered with the Spirits in the air.
From youth to age, a "charismatic" in local
affairs, remembered with affection
by her family and friends. She
had a good heart.

Her body rests, nearly 2 centuries of
her youth on the lofty height ~~and~~
the Spruce Flat. in the Burgess
Cemetery.

Tuesday 11 (24) 59 294

Constant rain (fog) for 24 hours - If there should follow a "November" Rise in the River, such as the historical flood Nov. 1885, following our families' arrival on this frontier, the new Bridge is available. If washed down, the "temporary" structure could hit with a heavy impact, as a starter. Second Avenue (Candee) now open as a detour.

Mr. Arthur Lawson
(of "Duppy II.")

Hear me, Mother Earth, behold O Heaven;
Had I not had to wrestle with my lot?
Have I not had my soul-torn, my heart

River,
and only not to desperation driven,

Because not ~~unhappy~~ of such clay

As suits the souls of those whom Hurvey

The quotation is from Lord Byron's
writing, who like our own Native genius
John Randolph of Roanoke, sought
escape from realities in alcohol
and ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~dope~~ ^{dope} drugs.

Arthur Lawson a prototype either, though
in his unhappy life in America he sought
no "escape" in drink or drugs.

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a younger son of Sir Wilfrid Lawson,
Member of Parliament for many years;
wealthy and widely notorious as an
anomaly of the British ruling class,
a Professional "Dry" - a prohibitionist
of ~~the~~ England.

A younger son, considered eccentric,
a divergent and a misfit, young Lawson
was given his portion of inheritance and
joined the English Colony in Poughkeepsie
and Randolph Counties, about the year
1891, its sole representative of nobility.
It is true the Brucks, Archie and Reginald,
were of an ancient Scottish house, and
successful in America. Mr. Archie Bruce
on his return to England, many years
ago, sent his friend Uncle Andrew
McLaughlin a thousand pounds (in
Dallan) as a contribution to the
Maxwellton Presbyterian Church and
male was promoting, and in the shadow
of which he lies buried, in Greenbrier County.
Viscount Lawson, of uncertain age -
not old - but quite bald; the crown
of his head of a ~~fine~~ noticeable
conical shape, probably from a birth
injury. A bachelor, he wore his
"Night-Cap" through life, as did his
prototypes, Byron and Randolph,
~~as did they~~ probably realizing
his temperament not adaptable to

the "Terrible Thurn-bit of marriage.
 Unlike the "Prodigal son" of the
 Parable, Lord Lawson was fortunate
 in buying land in the "Far Country";
 purchasing a noble estate of about
 one thousand acres, belonging to the
 Lee family, and anciently Jaet
Warwick Land. There was much
 grazing land on Mill Run and
 the slopes of Valley mountains, extending
 into Pocahontas County, and the
 timbered slopes of Wheat Mountain
 crowned with Black Spruce forests.
 A substantial tenant house, with
 outbuildings, even an ancient grist
 Mill; with grind-stones, on Mill
 Run; the purchase price twenty-
 five thousand dollars, cash.

Lawson promptly moved in
 naming his castle "Duffryn".

A noble spring, supplying a
 large horse trough near from a
 Poplar log was at the door, in
 which trough I have taken my
 morning dip in cold spring water
 "When visiting Lord Lawson's
 Castle Duffryn".

Mr. Lawson, also, probably had his
 "Munday bath", although at the time the
 "Cattle" not supplied with water,
 either hot or cold. It is not known
 that he ever used the "Horse trough"
 for his bath. Of slight build and
 height, not particularly athletic,
 although always playing the
 position of goal-keeper in soccer.
 He led his "international" team
 to Marlinton, late as November, 1905,
 where was played the last game
 with the English Colony in which
 I participated.

Living alone, but not a "solitary"
 and accustomed from youth to English
 "servants," he was at times unsuccessful
 in keeping "tenants" in the house;
 his unceremonious mannerisms and
 eccentricities distasteful to the "free-
 born" natives of the tenant class.
~~Of which, more will be written.~~
 Hospitable, even generous; at
 other times "sparing."

When the spirit moved, he would
 make long journeys, horse-back,

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it might be cleaning the stack, and
dogs, even wild animals, in his
"Zoo" to fend for themselves, which
they could well do in the Natural
Paradise that was "Duffryn"-estate.
A large flock of half-wild turkeys
usually ran at large; shot down
as "wild" when needed for food
or the "market" or as gifts to the
neighbors.

Mr. ~~Lord~~ Lawson, loved to write;
kept voluminous "Diaries" and "scrap-
books"; all of which, unfortunately,
were ~~destroyed~~ ^{burned} in the fire that
destroyed the castle in 1903. He
also contributed articles to the
Times; numerous letters of local
events, accounts of athletic meetings,
even poems. He dubbed the
late James Gibson "King of Elk",
as acknowledged strong man
and ~~the~~ leader of his clan.
I have a postal card written me in
perse, inviting me to his castle on
an outing, - but I anticipate.
(Year 1898)

The English Colony had a strong
impact on the social life of the
Community the end of the 19th Century.

299
I know that at ²⁹⁹ was an important
factor in my "education" ~~over~~
at a formative time of life, for
which I am grateful. When
"accepted" the Englishman's hospitality
is admirable.

~~The Doctor~~ Englishman is a
"brute"; he is a "Just Brute."

There lived at White Sulphur Spring
the Montague Family. Miss Margaret
~~Mont~~ and brother Percival. Miss
Montague was literary, and has
published books. Young Percy
scholarly and extremely near-
sighted; destined for the Church.
At times he made journeys to the
~~Engl~~ Colony, as a kindred spirit,
although American by birth. On at
least one occasion he stopped at
our house for the night. At one
Family Morning devotions and
recognizing his youthful piety,
Pa requested him to lead, which he